Spotlight on Canada by Austin Chambers

FEB. 3, 1942 15c.

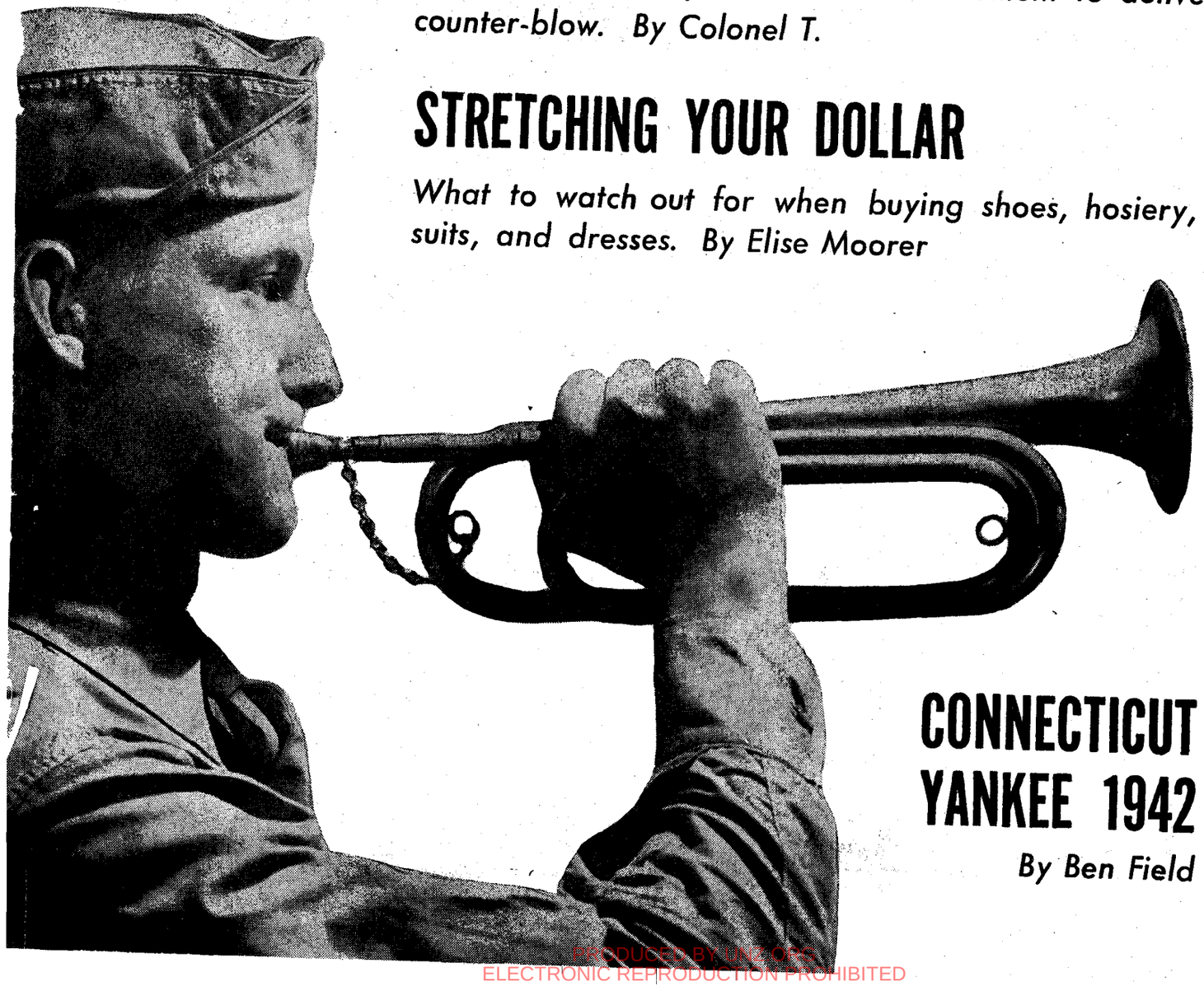
NEW MASSES

KEY TO SOVIET STRATEGY

How the Red Army determined the moment to deliver the counter-blow. By Colonel T.

STRETCHING YOUR DOLLAR

What to watch out for when buying shoes, hosiery, suits, and dresses. By Elise Moorer



CONNECTICUT YANKEE 1942

By Ben Field

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"...THE STOUT-HEARTED"

THE cryptic language of the communique has become today's literature. The writer at GHQ commands the attention of a continent. His concise paragraphs tell of our brothers on the front lines. The bulletins contain the thunder of cannon, the scream of the dive bomber, all the tumult of today's battle. They tell the deeds of American men who stand with guns to defend us at home.

Few days pass without the heart-warming story of heroism: the boys from New York, Texas, Pennsylvania, California vie with the tradition of Lexington. Their names are a roll call of the families who settled America—one, five, ten generations ago.

The name of Capt. Colin P. Kelly has already become legendary. A few brief days ago he was alive, bright, young, of whom his West Point classmates wrote: "A combination of Irish blood and southern sunshine has given Kelly the best qualities of both." Later on, the commander of our Far Eastern forces was to write: "General MacArthur announced with great sorrow the death of Capt. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., who so distinguished himself by scoring three direct hits on the Japanese capital battleship Haruna, leaving her in flames and distress." He was the brand of soldier with whom the Mikado must reckon.

Another Southerner was the first to be killed in the Pacific fighting: Private Robert H. Brooks, of Kentucky, the son of Negro sharecroppers. He will be immortalized by naming the main parade ground at Fort Knox after him. Another hero is Lieut. Boyd D. Wagner, of Johnstown, Pa., the son of an electrician in a coal mine. Of him, Admiral Thomas C. Hart wrote: "When attacked by five pursuit planes he shot two planes out of the air and machine-gunned twelve on the ground, leaving five burning. Wagner ended his terse report by saying, 'My gas was running low, so I returned home.' "

This week a report tells of Fernando Tan, the Filipino scout cited by General Douglas MacArthur: "He had distinguished himself by extraordinary heroism in action." On January 12 his mutilated body was found in a stream, hands bound behind him, numerous Japanese bayonet stabs in his body.

Nor will we ever forget the carpenters who threw down their hammers and took guns at Wake Island. Side by side with the small

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TWO PHOTOGRAPHS *from the Museum of Modern Art's current exhibition "Image of Freedom."*

(on the opposite page) NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS, *by Sol Libsohn of New York.*

(above) AMERICANS, *by Sam Cocomise of Chicago.*

band of marines, they beat off wave after wave of planes and warships. With only twelve fighter planes and six five-inch guns, the defenders repulsed four separate attacks in the first forty-eight hours of siege; sank a Japanese light cruiser, a destroyer, and put two more out of action.

But they desperately needed planes and guns and ships and men —and we did not have enough to send to their rescue. They fought bravely—they, and our stout army still staving off the Japanese on Bataan peninsula—but they need planes and guns and ships and men.

Oh, the honor roll of the brave will grow; the strong, the sagacious, the stout-hearted will continue to be cited, for they are the sons of the people, and peoples battling in a just cause are never faint-hearted. These men token the potential heroism of our entire nation. Their sacrifice, however, must set the pace for us—for all of us. We, still at home, cannot and dare not rest until we are worthy of them. We will not be worthy until we can send the wherewithal to fight and win—the shell, the plane, the tank, and the men in overwhelming numbers. We must achieve the heroism of the factory: turn out the tens of thousands of weapons that will mean victory. We must sacrifice to create all that they need—they, and their allies whose sons likewise fight and die bravely on a dozen lands over the globe: the British, the Russians, the Chinese, the sons of the United Nations. We must be sure that we are done with policies and with high officers such as those that permitted the tragedy of Pearl Harbor—that allowed us to be taken unawares. We must never again be caught napping.

Only that way lies victory. A nation of 130,000,000 soldiers—of millions of Colin Kellys, of Fernando Tans, of Boyd Wagners. They are our sons, our brothers, flesh of our flesh. And if they are heroes, we must believe that we have it within us to be heroes too. We must match them deed for deed. They expect it from us and we must be worthy of them.

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NEIGHBOR TO THE NORTH

Dossier on Canada's war effort. The parties and the issues in the critical new session of Parliament. What labor thinks of Premier King's policies.

Ottawa, Canada.

GEOGRAPHICALLY and economically Canada and the United States form a unit, and in recent years there has been widespread sentiment in both countries for North American solidarity. The feeling is growing stronger, especially now that the United States is at war. For I need hardly tell you that this event has done more than almost anything else to revive enthusiasm among Canadians for their own war effort. Despite our covert sneers at the flamboyant aspects of life in the States, most Canadians nevertheless entertain the greatest admiration for our bustling neighbor to the south. Our popular culture is influenced strongly by American mass production. The habit of thinking of ourselves as an American nation has definitely triumphed over the atavistic ties of the empire world outlook.

Next to Winston Churchill, President Roosevelt is the most popular figure up here. In saying this, I rather deliberately exclude our own Prime Minister, Mackenzie W. L. King. For even his best friends admit that this pudgy little bachelor is one of the most colorless leaders of all time. Ordinarily phlegmatic, Canadian audiences are these days vigorously applauding the newsreels of Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. But the appearance of Premier King is invariably greeted with a stony silence, broken by the feeble hissing from a few embattled Tories in the back rows.

A good deal of this is due to the circumstances under which Canada entered the war. Isolationist sentiment was still strong. The undemocratic methods used to mobilize the country developed a powerful undercurrent of dissatisfaction. Even though the hastily adopted Defense of Canada regulations were stringent, they could not prevent, and in fact tended to develop, a definite inhibition among Canadians toward the war effort. I go back to these things because only if you remember them will you understand the political crisis in Canada, as reflected in the new session of Parliament.

IN THE first wartime election, March 1940, the dominant issue was the opposition to the conscription of man power. The Mackenzie King government, led by the Liberal Party, returned to power with a comfortable majority of seats in the House of Commons, on a program of "limited participation." Economic aid to Britain was emphasized over direct military contribution. To date the Liberal government has failed to bring about conscription for overseas service; and it is this issue which now dominates politics here because most people are highly dissatisfied with the way Canada lags so far behind Britain in pushing the war on all fronts.

Of 12,000,000 Canadians, some 600,000 are engaged in war production. Four hundred thousand are enlisted in the armed forces, but only 120,000 are serving overseas. Some 27,000 Canadians are engaged in active service with the Navy, and the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, which is Canada's great contribution, has enrolled some 15,000 students from all over the empire. Yearly war expenditures are averaging more than $2,500,000,000.

While not unimpressive in themselves, these figures fall short of what is required for an all-out effort. Moreover, they don't reveal the unsatisfactory state of affairs in war production, which lags far behind Canada's capacity. As in your country, we have had our difficulties persuading big businessmen to release their exclusive hold over the running of the war. Some forty-odd boards which administer the war effort are dominated by representatives of industry, who in turn have concentrated contracts in a small number of the biggest enterprises. They are reluctant to expand capacity, in order to retain the delicate balance of market controls in the postwar period. The cost-plus system of awarding contracts has led to waste, idling of machinery and men, together with profiteering and graft. And with few exceptions, the biggest businessmen have shown a keen interest in the possibility of wrecking the unions.

But the pressure of popular feeling is beginning to change the situation, even though much too slowly. Incidentally, the recent agreement equalizing priority rights between Canadian and American firms was of inestimable value in shaking things up. So was President Roosevelt's call for a radical increase in production quotas, which our Minister of Munitions and Supply, C. S. Howe, was impelled to follow.

But the major problem is one of leadership. We need leadership and a program here, and that is what a good deal of the talking in Ottawa is about. The official opposition, the Conservative Party, has taken advantage of the weaknesses and mistakes of the Liberals to pose as the super-patriots and exponents of an all-out effort. They have raised the clamor of conscription for overseas service. They are pressing for an all-Party national government. This would be all to the good except for the fact that the Tories are widely discredited by the misdeeds of past Conservative administrations and by their intimate connections with the unpopular pro-fascist groups, including the malodorous premier of Ontario. He is the same Mitchell Hepburn who made such an ass of himself on a recent trip to New York.

Only recently this party's sacred cows placed Sen. Arthur Meighen in the leadership. He is one of Canada's most cynical reactionaries and his elevation can only be considered a defiance of public opinion. He is very petulant about the fact that in South York, Ontario, he is being forced to contest a seat in the Commons. The election comes off on February 9, and his opponent, J. W. Noseworthy, is giving him a hot race, campaigning on an all-out, national unity platfrom with the support of labor and progressive elements.

The second opposition party is the Social-Democratic CCF, the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation. This party has made important gains in recent provincial elections and is rapidly growing in prestige. But its development is seriously handicapped by pacifist and reactionary influences in the top leadership, and by deeply ingrained sectarian habits. For example, in its latest pronouncement the CCF calls for national selective service, but only on the condition that wealth be conscripted first. This may express a definite popular feeling about the contribution which the wealthy must make to the war, but to put the matter this way tends to line the CCF with the opponents of an all-out effort and may also undermine the ability of the labor movement to take leadership in the country.

Similar sectarianism plagues the New Democrats. These are the unorthodox followers of Major Douglas, the theorist of Social Credit. They are so enmeshed in fanciful complexities of monetary schemes that they are unable to give a realistic

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expression to the progressive sentiments of their following in the prairie West.

IT BECOMES apparent, then, that real leadership must come from Labor. The Canadian farmers, who are well organized in the fight for parity prices and dollar wheat, and the middle class, which is hard hit by mounting living costs and rising taxation, would support an initiative from the labor movement. But such an initiative is not yet forthcoming.

The trouble is that the Canadian labor movement is, by British or even American standards, alarmingly weak. Only some twenty percent of Canada's workers are organized. Big gains have been made in the mass production industries such as auto, especially the recent contract with Ford. But even here the movement is young and does not have enough of a tradition for political action. Moreover, the labor movement is sadly divided. There is the AFL Trades and Labor Congress; there is the Canadian Congress of Labor, in which the CIO unions are centered, and there is in French Canada, the independent Catholic syndicates.

On top of it all, the workers are deeply resentful about Mackenzie King's anti-labor policies and find it hard to grow enthusiastic under his government's leadership. There was, for example, the recent Order-In-Council PC 8253, which freezes wages at the 1926-29 levels and provides an inadequate bonus toward meeting increasing living costs. This is rightly regarded as an effort to maintain wage inequalities and bring the whole standard of living down to minimum levels. It also tends to destroy the labor unions and prevent organization. You must remember that Canada has no Wagner act. And while there is an Order-In-Council PC 2685 which endorses the principles of collective bargaining, it is not mandatory and contains no provisions to bring the recalcitrant employers into line.

There is almost no labor representation on the government boards that administer the war effort. Government intervention in labor disputes has been almost invariably on the employer's side. In some cases government agencies have been instrumental in fostering company unions, which recalls the fact that Mackenzie King earned the title of father to company unionism as manager of the Rockefeller interests during the last war.

The most striking example of this is now taking place in Kirkland Lake, northern Ontario, where some 3,000 gold miners are still on strike for recognition of their Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers Union. Although union recognition was in this case unanimously recommended by a government conciliation board, the employers stubbornly refuse to confer. Their spokesman, none other than Mitchell Hepburn, the provincial Premier, is trying to smash the strike by armed force. Despite repeated pleas from trade unions, church bodies, and influential citizens' organizations, the federal government won't intervene to restore production, and thus tacitly assists Hepburn and the mine operators.

This is not to say that there haven't been some changes. But they seem mighty insignificant. It is true that C. S. Jackson, international vice president of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers, was released after an outrageous internment. An ex-labor man, Humphrey Mitchell, was appointed to replace Norman McLarty, the corporation lawyer who had been Minister of Labor. Some tentative gestures have been made to meet with labor representatives to talk over production problems. These are, of course, welcome developments. Stimulated by American examples, many unions are formulating plans for speeding production: the Montreal Aircraft Workers, AFL, has done so, and so have the CIO unions in auto, steel, and electric. They arouse the widest interest and their initiative cannot long go unrecognized.

BY WAY of conclusion, I should not omit the activities of the Canadian Communists. Although the Communist Party is still illegal, its widely distributed literature is having its effect. The labor movement, as well as the people as a whole, is listening to its proposals for winning the war. The Communists advocate a master plan for the total mobilization of Canada's manpower, industry, and agriculture under democratic government intervention. They are urging a national selective service for overseas as well as home service. They ask for labor partnership through trade union representation on the war boards. PC 8253 ought to be repealed and legislation guaranteeing the right to organize made effective. At the same time a twenty-four-hour work day with equal pay for women for equal work could go far to speed production. And above all, they suggest an end to government by Orders-In-Council, and democratization of the setup, not the least aspect of which would be the release of the scores of anti-fascists still in jail.

There's a lot to be done, as you see, and much more to be said about French Canada. We know we are behind Britain and the States in what we are doing for the war. But what we might do, if properly organized, inspires us to keep plugging. That's why you will be hearing things about Canada before long.

AUSTIN CHAMBERS.

BURTON

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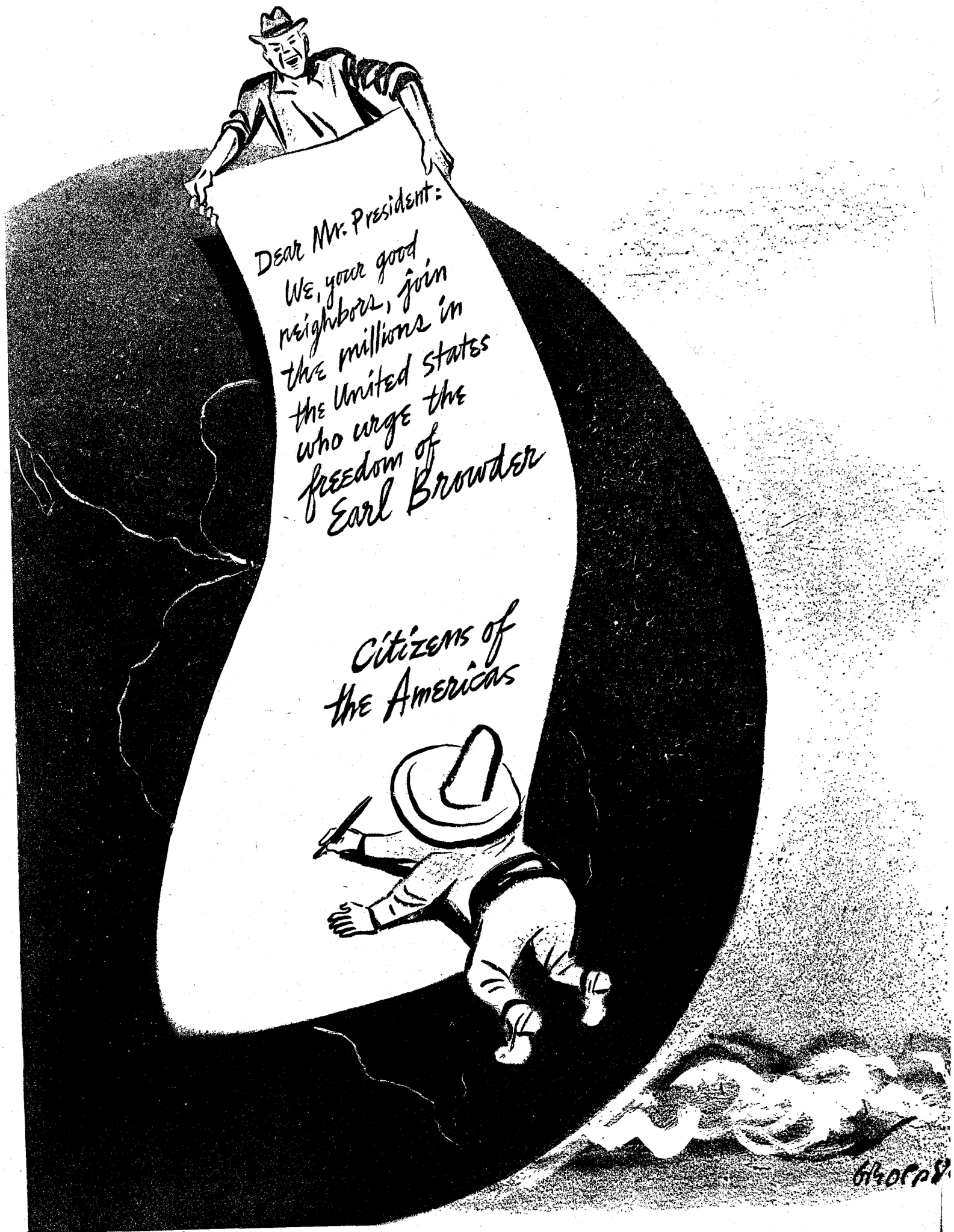
Dear Mr. President:
We, your good neighbors, join the millions in the United States who urge the freedom of Earl Browder
Citizens of the Americas

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"BATTLE OF THE GAP"

Claude Cockburn's firsthand account of the negotiations to bridge the difference between Britain's present and potential war production. Candidates for a London "Nelson."

London (by cable), January 24.

WHILE the atmosphere around the great issues of the Far Eastern campaign and still more around the production situation here grows daily more thundery at Westminster, it is possible to confirm that conversations are in progress between the Ministry of Labor, the employers' representatives, and the representatives of the Engineering Trades Unions. If these are successfully completed, as I believe they will be, they mark a really decisive step forward toward the closing of the ugly gap between Britain's present and our potential productive capacity. Although rumored details of the character of the agreement aimed at are not yet confirmed officially by any of the parties concerned, the Trades Union Congress has indicated that the negotiations are proceeding. It is hoped that they will result in a large advance toward the general organization of joint production committees.

According to unofficial reports, the agreement involves, first, acceptance by all employers in the engineering industry of the establishment of joint production committees on which management and workers would be represented; second, a new definition of what will in the future be meant by "managerial functions"; acceptance by the leaders of the various trade unions concerned of drastic revision of existing craft traditions which, as I have mentioned before, play a very serious part in preventing quick practical adjustments of difficulties on the job affecting "demarcation lines" between one union and another.

While some employers, and indeed all the most progressive, during the past weeks have come to accept the principle of the joint committees, there are quite enough of the other type of employers to produce confusion, delay, and even chaos by their pigheaded refusal to admit anything of the kind. This past week, for instance, an important deputation has been in London representing engineering workers in blitzed Coventry with a horrifying story about delays in production there. Some of it seems to be the result of a deliberate policy on the part of the management, looking less at immediate war production than at the prospects of the motor car industry after the war. On the other hand, it seems clear from the stories told by these representatives that in a large number of cases the sole aim is to prevent what is described as workers' "interference" in management. In this way the skilled and firsthand knowledge of workers on the job is deliberately prevented from being used through joint production committees.

The solution is clearly within the knowledge and power of those concerned. But nothing is being done, not because the management does not want to see the problem solved, but because it does not want to see it solved at the price of any infringement of "managerial functions."

Now we seem to be on the verge of an agreement which may go a long way toward clearing up the whole of this mess by making establishment of joint production committees obligatory and statutory under the essential works order. It seems possible that there may be an intermediary stage in which production committees will operate on a regional rather than a factory basis. But it is certainly an exceedingly important step in the right direction. Just how important this may be is difficult to convey, and perhaps the news of the current negotiations on the subject will not be estimated by American readers at its full significance. To do so it is necessary to bear in mind the negative aspects of the present position. Not only the general scandal of our forty percent lag behind capacity, not only the managerial attitude and practices just mentioned, but also the mood of the men in the factories. There is no doubt that in those factories and areas where the men have been most rigidly excluded from helping in the local planning and organization of production, the frustration and resulting sense of helplessness have produced a frame of mind in which there is little room for keenness. The effect upon the rate of production is obvious.

There is certainly a natural inclination in the central government offices concerned with production to underestimate the possibilities of the development of the joint production committees. Results have been judged on the basis of the very brief activities of those committees which are in existence. Experience and capacity and initiative are being gained almost hourly, but are frequently frustrated by the absence of similar committees in factories forming other links in the production chain. There is no comparison between what has been done by the existing committees and what could be done by a properly organized national system of such committee work.

That is why the negotiations now believed to be approaching completion must be seen as the preparation for an advance in this "battle of the gap" which will be of major and even decisive importance in relation to the whole Allied war front.

This development is running parallel to the agitation for the appointment of a Minister of Production. Those demanding a Minister of Production do not represent one coherent group, but are advocates of extremely varied theories as to what the functions of such a Minister should be. Naturally, the wider the functions claimed for him, the more difficult becomes the question of the choice of such a Minister who would at once achieve a power not now exercised by anyone except the Premier and not in fact exercised by him in the domestic production field.

Although many names have been suggested—with Beaverbrook, Sir Andrew Duncan, and Ernest Bevin as the most favored—even these three suggestions have found a minimum of united support. This is one reason why, as far as the Ministry of Production is concerned, some of its advocates are seeking a way to reduce its range of operations without depriving it of utility as a new piece of administrative machinery.

It is, of course, in this connection that the question of the whole personnel of the Cabinet, the demand for the removal of "the Men of Munich," and other personalities with poor records has flared up with an intensity not seen since shortly after the beginning of the German attack upon Russia.

The demand for a shakeup in the Cabinet is coming from all sides—including, as I said last week, the extreme right of the Conservative Party. In connection with the question of Cabinet personnel, it is possibly worth noting that the author of "Critic's Diary" in the London *New Statesman*, a close personal friend of Sir Stafford Cripps, mentions that he "has a hunch" that Cripps will not spend much time in India but will at once throw himself into the Cabinet tussle here.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

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Washington.

IT HAS been Martin Dies' habit for the past years to stage his annual advertising campaign for himself and his committee a few days after the President's budget message. This year was no exception. Sure enough, he was up on his feet last week telling Congress and the world what a great guy he is and what splendid work he carries on. He mouthed the usual patriotic slogans, assuring the House of his hatred for the Nazis. And having vaguely paid lip service to the war, he launched a vigorous attack against certain individuals. Each name he mentioned was the name *not* of a fascist, but of an administration supporter. He denounced Leon Henderson, Price Control Administrator. He attacked Robert Brady, an employe in Henderson's office and author of a book exposing the dangers of Nazi economy. Brady lost his job. He excoriated Brady's wife for her work in the consumers' movement—she had lost her job a short time before because of Dies. At great length he called Malcolm Cowley, *New Republic* editor now working for the Office of Facts and Figures, every name in his libelous vocabulary. And he labeled each victim "Communist." Mr. Dies had no harsh words for a single fascist agent. He concentrated on Red-baiting—against the administration and against national unity.

Such was his bid for funds. In a few weeks Mr. Dies will stalk up and down the House aisles, bellowing and jutting out his chin, shaking a thick finger under the noses of his more timid colleagues, warning them by innuendo that if they don't vote his way, he'll brand them "Red." This sort of blackmail has worked before. It will continue to work as long as office-holders fear Dies more than they fear the people back home. Or, in other words, as long as the people don't realize that Mr. Dies is as dangerous to their security as a fleet of Nazi submarines operating off the coasts.

In such a short space it is impossible to deal adequately with Mr. Dies' record. But I want to list a few of his more notable achievements. Multiply every instance by 1,000 or so and a pallid picture of the real Mr. Dies begins to appear.

Item 1. Mr. Dies is an outspoken, conscious anti-Semite. In one investigation he repeated the phrase "Jewish Communist" at least fifty times. Not less than twice he referred to Judaism as "another international." To those who objected to his remarks, he answered in a fine rage that they were raising "a smokescreen to becloud the real issue."

Typical of Dies, but too little known, is the remarkable passage in the record for Aug. 22, 1939. From the stand Henry D. Allen, friend of the Silver Shirts and the German-American Bund, member of the American White Guard (exposed in John L. Spivak's *Secret Armies*), declared: ". . . many of us believe that Jews in the federal government are wrecking the country. . . . We can see in the Jews, in the present government, in the Roosevelt administration, the carrying out of the Protocol plan [the notorious forged Protocols of Zion] if you know what that is. . . ."

Rep. Noah M. Mason of Illinois, member of the committee, answered, "Of course, I have heard what that is, but I know personally many Jewish people not only in the federal government, but in the local and state governments that make excellent officials, and they are certainly not wrecking the government."

Mr. Allen: "The exception probably proves the rule."

At this point Mr. Dies interposed: "That is a question that neither this committee nor any other committee can ever solve with respect to the Jewish race."

And with this scurrilous remark he adjourned the session.

CIVILIAN DEFENSE AGAINST DIES

The old witch hunter rides his broom again. Your opportunity to stop him.

Item 2. Mr. Dies employed as investigators at the taxpayers' expense, thugs and gangsters, persecutors of religion, fascists and stoolpigeons. Their name is legion. One or two examples are as good as an endless list. He paid Edward Sullivan, connected with an organization financed by the Nazis, the sum of $3,600 a year to work for the committee. While in Dies' employ Sullivan went around the country spreading anti-Semitism. Dies also at one time employed Stephen Birmingham as "chief" investigator, though Birmingham operated an anti-labor detective agency, and in the murder trial of Jerry King (now in jail) Birmingham admitted that King had worked for him. Dies gave a job to David Mayne, though he knew that Mayne was a Silver Shirt agent. He paid William O. Nowle, associated with the fascist National Workers League of Detroit, large sums as a witness. Using Nowle's testimony, Dies persecuted the United Automobile Workers and as many union members as he could get before the committee. But now Dies has been constrained by circumstances beyond his control to name the National Workers League as a center of Nazi organization in this country. He now speaks of "investigating" the organization of his own "investigator."

Item 3. Dies has given his protection to active fascists. He has excused their actions and has allowed them to function without interference. In this respect, the committee's record of Aug. 29, 1939, is particularly interesting.

The committee had served a subpena on Edward Jones Smythe. Smythe refused to appear. Dies did not cite Smythe for contempt—and he made no real attempt to get him to testify. Yet Dies knew that Smythe was an active anti-Catholic and anti-Semite. Dies also knew that Smythe claimed from 1,000,000 to 7,000,000 followers—an exaggeration, no doubt, though Smythe did exercise great influence among groups who took as their own Smythe's motto: "Hitlerism is the highest form of Christianity."

At the time Smythe disregarded the subpena, Dies said: "We have all the facts before us, and we have not decided whether we are going to try to locate Mr. Smythe any further or not." Actually, he did not try. And for very good reason. If Smythe —and remember he is typical of the long list Dies always refused to question—were brought before the committee, he could possibly have given evidence embarrassing to far more important and prominent men. Mr. Dies did not want that. As he put it: "And as we go on with the hearings, we are going to find a large percentage of people who have been giving support to all these movements have been innocent people. . . ." Mr. Dies did not want to expose the "innocent." And these "innocent people," the hearings brought out, were none other than those who made large contributions of money to the Silver Shirts and the German Legion, Inc., and to such people as Gerald B. Winrod, Dr. I. T. Griebl (German spy who fled

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this country), George Deatherage, Robert Edward Edmonson, George W. Christians, William Dudley Pelley, and James True (inventor of the "kike killer.")

Smythe's treatment is one example. Dies has protected other fascist organizations by refusing to question their leaders, by not following obvious leads and information supplied by such groups as the Anti-Defamation League, by steadfastly ignoring the more important fascist organizations and leaders. As in Smythe's case, he would not cite any fascist in contempt. George Deatherage, leading anti-Semite, challenged Dies to jail him, and Dies backed down. It is worth noting that Dies has never called Father Coughlin or the Social Justice outfit to account, and he has never investigated the Ku Klux Klan or its leader, Imperial Wizard Colescott.

Item 4. By giving protection to fascists, Dies allowed them to continue their activities. The case of Edward Smythe is again typical. After Dies decided that Smythe should not be bothered, the anti-Catholic Smythe was more active than any other man in bringing the Klan and the German-American Bund together in New Jersey. He conducted—and still conducts, it seems—a column in a sheet named *Publicity,* which is devoted to the praise of Hitler, to obscene attacks on Catholicism, and to spreading hatred against the Jews. Smythe helped organize the picketline before WMCA when that New York radio station refused to sell Father Coughlin time on the air.

Item 5. Though Dies could not bring himself to cite Smythe for contempt, he was quick enough to cite unionists and progressives who refused to hand over membership lists to the committee.

Item 6. Dies did not want to embarrass "innocents" who gave money and support to every anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, anti-Catholic, anti-democratic movement in the country. But he published the names of those in Washington who opposed fascism, and attempted to get these victims thrown out of government service.

Item 7. Dies never loses the chance to attack organized labor. This was his original intent when he set up his committee, and he has lived up to his purpose well. Whenever a union was about to enter a labor board election, Dies with great fanfare held a "hearing" and cried "Red" against the workers. He rushed out to Chicago when the packinghouse workers were holding an election in the Armour plant, and did his best to disrupt. He did the same to the automobile workers in 1939. The examples are endless. And the design is always the same—smash the union.

An OCD poster by Herbert Matter

THIS itemized list could stretch on forever. I did not mention Dies' aide, J. B. Matthews, whose claim to fame was his success in breaking a local union. I did not mention Dies' reliance on stoolpigeons and labor spies, like William C. McQuiston, who was indicted for murder while testifying before Dies and whom Dies long saved from extradition. I did not mention the stream of Trotzkyites and Lovestoneites, pledged to destroy labor and the progressive movement, who provided Dies with "facts." It is only repetitious to analyze Dies' constant Red-baiting.

Right now Mr. Dies is conducting another "investigation." He must make a show of activity in order to impress Congress. But the hearings are held in utmost secrecy. Mr. Dies, because of the temper of the times, is ostensibly examining fascists—some of the little fellows. But if these hearings were held openly, the testimony could well prove uncomfortable to the Texas fuehrer. Dies is questioning those he formerly protected and formerly employed. He has decided to look into the National Workers League; he is summoning Edward Smythe. He must be careful that they don't blurt out how much they owe to the estimable Mr. Dies.

Perhaps, to save himself, Dies will desert some of those he previously comforted. Perhaps he will "expose" Smythe, for example. But it is a safe bet that he won't expose the leading fascists in America. Dies steers clear of the big shots—and for safety's sake, he has up to now concealed the underlings. He may have to doublecross a few of the less important. But trust him not to go too far.

It has been Dies' tactic carefully to nourish the idea that he is a clown. Apathy, failure to understand his effectiveness as a fascist advance agent, the tendency to consider him so obvious that it is rather silly to denounce him, has been extremely valuable to Dies and to those who know his worth. But these days Dies can no longer be laughed away. He has accomplished much already. The mistaken tendency of certain government officials, of Army and Navy men, or prominent people to appease Dies has lent him strength.

Down here the opinion is that the chance has come to smash Dies once and for all. Success depends on the breadth and intensity of the popular movement, and the speed with which it is mobilized. Dies knows that as things look today, he is certain of his appropriation. He is planning to make his appeal for funds well before the April 1 deadline. This is your opportunity to stop him.

BRUCE MINTON.

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CONNECTICUT YANKEE 1942

Aime

They're stepping hard and fast in the tobacco country. "Somethin' they won't forget in a hurry." The towns ring with their singing, with their hunger for life....Ben Field on the road.

IN THE heart of Connecticut lies the broad leaf country. Everywhere are great curing barns. The fields are now covered with fine little fingers of rye planted to hold the soil for next year's tobacco crop.

Never before in its history has this valley seemed so alive, for this is the home of war industries as well as the marvelous broad leaf. The air hums with the work of arms factories. Bulldozers rip and plane down landing fields where once the broad leaf grew. Trailer towns bloom like mushrooms after a rain. Roads and bridges resound to the tramp of infantrymen. At night searchlights sabre the sky, and from innumerable farm houses broad-handed young men flock to the shops and the armed forces of an aroused people.

The sorting room is one corner of the curing barn. A small pot-bellied stove warms the air. Hunched at the benches, the farm family works.

The farmer sorts the cured plants, placing them in the drops. His wife, a silent, long-faced woman, works beside him. One boy ties the sorted tobacco into twists or "hands," using the top leaf as binder, while the other breaks open a bundle and piles the tobacco on the benches.

"Well, sir," says the farmer, "we had what you'd call a fair crop. Wasn't heavy as last year's, but it wasn't bad. Prices? I'd say they ain't nathin' to blow a trumpet about."

He looks at his wife for confirmation, and she barely nods.

"First war, prices was fairly good. We had heavy yields. I figger it's because we used plenty manure. This synthetic fertilizer ain't so good. It was less labor then. We had four grades—fillers, seconds, wrappers, tops. Now we got seven or eight from sand leaves up. We sorted it right off the stalk, putting the plants down in a wheel, and mulled it up. It wasn't what you'd call child's play, and it ain't easier now, eh, Mother?"

"Tain't," breathes out the farm woman hoarsely, without looking up. Her large worn hands are caught in the broad leaf.

The farmer waits for her to continue. Then he adds, "They say we just makin' out. I guess that's about the size of it. But the land lies there, and we got to make use of it."

The two clean-eyed tousled little boys hang in the corners listening shyly. The air in the sorting room is saturated with the sweetish thick smell coming from the damp tobacco.

"Some's got the notion tobacco is a one-season crop, one of them by guess and by God kind. Well, we'll be sortin' all winter and finish by the middle of March. Then April 10 we git the beds ready. Then comes pullin' the plants, settin', resettin', hoein', suckerin', toppin', spearin', hangin', and waitin' for the damps for strippin'. It keeps a fella kind of steppin'."

The farm woman contents herself with a movement of her cracked lips.

The farmer whips out a long honey-brown leaf, unfolds it, smoothing it down with gentle strokes. "There useta be a piece about tobacco, calling it an Indian weed. Some weed, I'd call it."

The kind of weed which can suck the life out of the soil and the very heart out of the farmer.

"Well, sir, I don't expect the war to make things easier. But we been takin' knocks kind of all our lives. We sort of been fightin' it."

He looks up for a moment, a spare soft-spoken man, wrestling out of this tobacco his small terribly hard loaf.

THE SCHOOL BUS stops for the farmer's two boys. Fred Horton, the driver, leans out to shake hands with me. "How you been fighting it, stranger?"

As the boys climb in, he yells over the wheel. "We got room here. How about joining us? Bus drivers got to stick close to home in case of emergency calls, and I'm just dying to chew the fat with somebody who's just in 'from going to and fro in the earth, and from walkin' up and down in it."

While Horton makes room for me, I ask for his oldest boy.

"You mean my back-seat driver. He ain't coming along today. Yesterday he went down to the observation post and came back talking about airplanes. He rigged himself up a bomber with a couple of chairs and his ma's ironing board. One of the chairs give, and he got himself a forced landing."

Fred Horton is a "retired" tobacco farmer. With a wry smile he will tell you that a school teacher maiden aunt of his, who had studied the family tree years back, found that Horton means a garden of vegetables; another thing that she had dug up was that his ancestors had been English barons who had sat on their bums doing nothing. "Blood will tell, and so I give up farming. But then the school board, knowing I was a good scout, knowing that the Horton coat of arms reads *Quod vult, valde vult,* give me this job." Known in the valley as a teller of tall tales (he is a member of the Burlington liars' club), blessed with a fine singing voice which he displays in the church choir, Fred Horton loves the children whom he transports to and from the river school every day.

The bus stops. Fred jumps out nimbly and crosses the highway to escort a rosy-faced tot. He comes back huggging her, whispering to her to say good morning, and the whole bus load choruses back full-throatedly, "Good morning, Janie."

The bus speeds on, overtaking a truck carrying bundles of tobacco to a warehouse. He waves to the driver, and then turns to the boy next to him, prompting him to talk about the air raid drills they've been having in school. The boy talks freely and then a little girl, not to be outdone, cries, "Last week we had a soldier for Sunday dinner, Fred. This week we're having two more."

Fred Horton says enthusiastically, "I tell you our kids are in this for the duration."

We rumble past the town hall with its soldiers' monument and its roll call of honor, bearing the names of those men who had served in the first war. There are a number of Hortons among them. Behind the town hall is the farm belonging to the first selectman. On a pond near the house the selectman's kid is skating.

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Fred leaps out and with a whoop slides clear across the pond. He catches the kid by the collar. All the children clap their hands and laugh wildly.

The bus goes on to its last stop to pick up the teacher of the highest grade, Hattie Horton. Fred says, "You don't know what the war's done to Aunt Hattie. Boy, she used to be just like one of them New England steeples, just as hard to get at. Now she's ten years younger, she's given up hog Latin and family trees. Why, she's gotten a new lease on life, and she can't do enough for the children."

The bus stops, and we wait before a white grey-shuttered cottage. Out comes a tall, thin elderly woman. She says breathlessly, "Good morning, Fred. I'm sorry. I've been studying this again. I'm taking my test next week, and I'm duty bound to pass. Just think what my children will say if I flunk." She shows us her First Aid book. "You don't know how ill-prepared you are to guide children until something like a war comes. Why, yesterday during a drill one of the children fainted, and we teachers stood around almost as helpless as posts. I'm beginning to believe that we never knew our real duties until we entered the war." Her eyes glow, and her lips part. "We've got more responsibilities, and they're doing something to us. You feel you can't do enough for these little people." She looks at the children who cluster fondly around her.

Fred smiles and grips the wheel. The bus turns toward the river. Outside the wind flares, and the winter clouds hang heavy as gun cotton over the world.

THE OBSERVATION POST is an old milkhouse on Foley's farm. Day and night farmers gather here to report on planes they have spotted, to swap stories of their experiences as wardens, auxiliary police, and firemen. Day and night they discuss the war, and then there's always Tom Foley.

Tom Foley is a puggy merry-eyed Irishman who had been a sailor. Returned from the sea, he had married the Kanuck girl whom he had gotten into trouble, settled down to farming and politics. Since the attack at Pearl Harbor, Tom's forgotten farming and his duties as first selectman. His chief concern is war, and in the eyes of the electorate this tobacco-chewing Connecticut Yankee has become a first class military expert.

"Well, Tom," says one hawbuck in a group of farmers gathered around the milkhouse, "things look kind of black in the Pacific."

Tom considers the question, slowly and deliberately takes out a package of scrap tobacco, mows away a fistful, and finally blurts, "Black's the word."

"The Dutch are puttin' up a good fight, ain't they, Tom?"

Gravely says Tom, "Tootin', if they ain't. They use their ships with their air arm, ain't like the English losin' the *Repulse* and the *Prince of Wales*." Tom is rooting for England, but like the good Irishman that he is, he can't help twisting the lion's tail.

"But we ought to win the war. We got the manpower, Tom."

"Sure, we'll win." Tom fixes his little eyes on the farmer. "Point is how long it'll last, how many mothers' sons it's gonna take. We'll get goin' after a while, we'll black leaf forty them, by cripes."

The farmers perk up.

"But Tom, we ain't doin' so bad in Africa and Europe."

"Now you're talkin'. Most we're winnin' in Europe. Them Russians is goin' to town, by God. Blast me, if they ain't got a general there, he's a pippin."

"Yeh, the one the Russians sent to save their oil. Tom, they say his father was an Englishman married a Russian girl, fella—"

"Englishman, be damned!" cries Tom Foley. His little pope's nose turns red. "There ain't no English in his blood," he roars while his eyes twinkle and his mouth works full of tobacco juice which he calls the honey of life. "That fellow's name is Tommy Shanko, and that's as Irish as Paddy." Straddling his thick legs and hammering the air with his fist, Tom continues, "By God, there's a general. By Jesus, if that ain't."

AFTER THE ACCIDENT to his hand, Dominick Wilenski could find no place for himself. Carrying his arm in a sling, he roamed over the country. He'd spend a few hours with his neighbor in the sorting room, go off to the milkhouse to listen to the war, or just tramp over the fields. When his arm began to swell, his wife called the doctor. The doctor ordered him to remain indoors and keep the hand warm and quiet.

Dom sits in the kitchen, surrounded by friends. The friends help themselves to cigarettes from a carton which the men in the shop where the accident occurred have sent him. On the table is a bottle of Green River whiskey.

"Could be worse," says Anton, the Lithuanian who lives across the road, trying to comfort Dom. "You gittin' half pay. You gittin' insurance."

Dom looks listlessly from Anton to another one of his friends. His lips tremble. He remains silent. It isn't the pain, the loss of blood, the attempt of the bookkeeper in the shop to pin the blame on him that has hoppled his tongue. It's that a man with half a hand is no man. Such a one is a gelding, the natural tools smashed, the laboring man outraged, disarmed.

Again a friend tries to comfort him. "You lucky stiff. You got your place, coupla dollars in the bank. Take it easy now. You got plenty work outa you."

Dom has been a hard worker all his life. His first ten years in this country he had worked in the coal mines. In the tobacco valley he'd jacked at numerous trades, and even while hired out to the shop, he would return from a full day's work to chop tobacco or strip all night during the damps. Now there's no work at all in him. Now he's helpless to drive a nail or grain his few geese.

Once more his friends hasten to comfort him, these men with two whole hands, these men letting their tongues ride them so foolishly. Losing control of himself, Dom cries out, "Talk, talk. Talk cheap. Sonofabitch, what kind a man without a hand?"

The friends stiffen at this outburst.

Dom looks around the kitchen wildly. On one wall there's a Polish calendar showing German soldiers shooting his countrymen, driven by the man who out-Herods Herod. On the other wall is a picture of Panna Matka, the Blessed Virgin.

Dom's squat old woman hurries to his side and gently strokes his shoulder.

by Hugh Miller from Winter Soldiers

RUMOR-MONGERS

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"Lucky stiff!" he mimics his friends. "Maybe grow coupla fingers like tobacco suckers. Doctor says, 'Hey lucky stiff. Chop off hand. Trigger finger all gone. Army no take you.'"

The friends turn pale. One speaks out quickly, almost with a gasp. "Jesus, Dominick, you lost your hand by accident. It was no put up job to git you out of fightin'. You too old—"

"Naw, naw. I'm a sonofabitch good-for-nothin'!" A shudder runs through him. He looks despairingly up at the Panna Matka, and then he turns his head to hide his tears.

AT THE GREEN BOTTLE you can get good whiskey and good men in season for field work. The Green Bottle is one of the famous hiring halls of the broad leaf country. And it is here where Steve Dzin meets the boys when he comes back from camp.

On his first furlough Steve was also doing much drinking. Roaring down the road in his car, he spotted George Baranowski in the field. He staggered out to the spearing horse, and in spite of warnings that he would gash himself, grabbed a lath and pierced the great plants expertly, the spear fairly singing in his hands.

Among the crossroad cowboys, the lovers of the little Polish poppies, the followers of the August trots and cockfights held in secret curing barns, Steve holds first rank. And it is only fitting that with him at the tavern is his sidekick, the huge tobacco hand, George Baranowski, who has enlisted in the navy.

Steve is in the field artillery in a camp near the coast, and when he is asked when his division will be shipped across, he snaps, "Military secret."

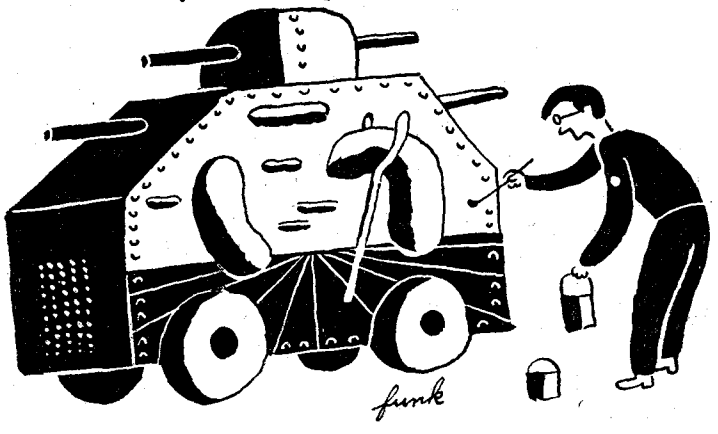
One of the boys says that Steve's sister has been bragging Steve would soon be made a corporal, but Stevey fingers his little blond stripe of a moustache, flings back his shoulders broad as a wagon rack, and barks, "Military secret, you punk."

The bartender turns on the radio for news. It's bad. Steve cries, "Bad in the pig's tail. It was worse in Pearl Harbor."

Steve's eyes clear. Soberly he demands if they've heard about the fellow who pinchhit for ten mates shot down manning a five-inch anti-aircraft gun at Pearl Harbor. Steve plays the man and acts the fight. Crouching, he grabs a shell from the fuze pot, slams it in the tray, leaps to the other side of the gun, rams it home. Jumping into the pointer's seat, he fires, and then leaps across the barroom floor headed once again for the fuze pot.

George Baranowski blows through his nose in derision. "That was nathin'. The best thing out of Pearl Harbor was that sailor in the brig. He was in for drinkin', I betcha, or chasin' skirts. When the Japanese let loose, a bomb broke the brig. The fella scoot out on deck like a hellbat, picked up the first gun handy, and give them bastards somethin' they won't forget in a hurry. That's the fella, the brig fella for me."

The boys laugh. They drink. Moist-eyed, they stand arm in arm and roar a barroom ballad. The Green Bottle rings with their singing, with their hunger for life, with their strength which was nourished in this broad leaf country and which the enemy will feel upon his back. BEN FIELD.



Seventy-Seven Years After

ANOTHER Independence Day may be officially celebrated by America soon. It will be called Freedom Day and will fall on February 1, the day in 1865 when Lincoln signed the Thirteenth Amendment freeing the Negroes from legal serfdom. Delegates from all over the nation are now meeting in Philadelphia to obtain a federal proclamation establishing Freedom Day. A bill to that effect has already been introduced in Congress by Representative McGranary of Pennsylvania. Perhaps the most interesting feature of this campaign is the way it ties an historic event of seventy-seven years ago with the very living present and future. Maj. R. R. Wright, a Negro leader of the Freedom Day movement who was born ten years before the Thirteenth Amendment was signed, emphasizes the proposed holiday as a national affair significant for Negro and white, a celebration of democracy designed to raise the morale of the armed forces. Delegates to the Philadelphia congress include many from the South, appointed by the state governors. In liberating the Negro from chattel slavery, the Thirteenth Amendment freed all America from a load of shame. A Freedom Day proclamation could come at no better time than in the midst of this gigantic fight for American liberty.

But to commemorate the Thirteenth Amendment is to fight for its real fulfillment, and there is much fighting to do yet. In the very week that Freedom Day is being discussed, a lynch mob in Missouri has violated not only democracy but elementary concepts of humanity by a particularly gruesome murder of a Negro accused of "rape." A few days ago S. Sloan Colt, an American Red Cross official, excused his organization's refusal of Negro blood for medical aid on the ground that some individuals object to receiving transfusions of such blood and their "prejudices . . . should be respected as a symbol of democracy"! While it is good news that a second Negro air squadron has been formed, it would be infinitely better if Negroes, instead of being admitted into the air force as a separate squadron, were given the opportunity they ask for—equal participation in the war. Let us have Freedom Day—but let us make it mean everything it should.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the butcher,
And the butcher.

—Mother Goose Rhyme

A drawing by A. Birnbaum

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Key to Soviet Strategy

The point at which the Red Army decided to deliver the counter-blow. How the Nazis were caught off guard. Colonel T. surveys the last six weeks on the Eastern Front.

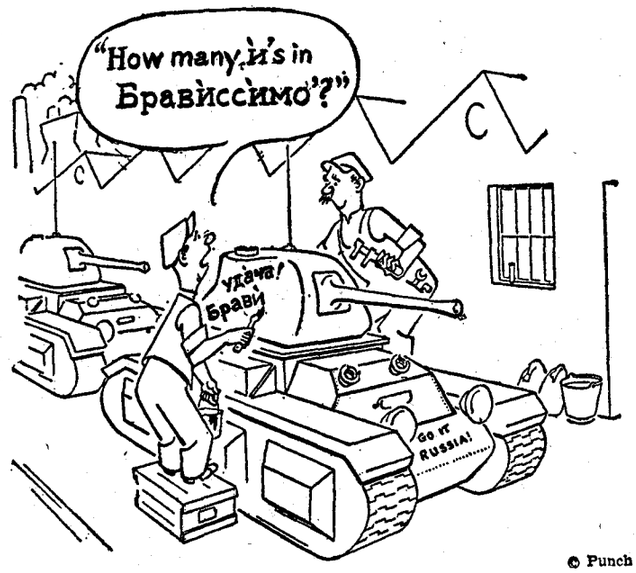
BACK in 1904 a book written by the German Lieut.-Gen. Kemmerer on "The Development of Strategic Thought in the Nineteenth Century" made its first appearance. In this volume we find a rather interesting paragraph in which the author deals with Clausewitz' analysis of the four different strategic methods which may be used to resist the enemy. These methods are: (1) The (defending) army may attack the enemy the moment the latter appears on the theater of war. (2) The (defending) army may occupy positions near the border, wait until the enemy appears in front of it with the object of attacking and attack him at that moment. (3) Having occupied positions as in the previous case, the (defending) army awaits not only the enemy's decision to give battle, i.e., his appearance in front of its positions, but awaits the actual onslaught. (4) The (defending) army transfers its resistance into the interior of the country.

The latter method is a "natural" when the defending forces are either outnumbered or outgunned (which covers all forms of engines of war), or are made the victim of surprise without having had the time to mobilize all available forces. Hitler—who had at his command all of Europe's resources and manpower, and the advantage of a treacherous, unexpected assault against a country which was assertedly not fully mobilized—naturally had a serious preponderance in striking power. (For example, he had a ratio of 5:2 in steel production and an overall 3:2 ratio in manpower as compared to the USSR, plus the almost bloodless loot of the arms of several European armies, some of which were first class.) Hence, the obvious decision of the Soviet High Command to apply the fourth Clausewitz method, i.e., the transfer of the resistance into the interior of the country. This, of course, does not mean that a retreat is made without fighting any battles. Quite the contrary. In this case the retreat was accompanied by constant and violent counter-attacks and even partial counter-offensives, such as the Timoshenko operation around Smolensk in September. The Soviet retreat made the enemy pay for every inch of ground he conquered.

IT IS interesting at this point to see what Lieutenant-General Kemmerer says about this method. He writes: "The latter type of resistance—the retreat into the interior—is directly calculated to lessen the power of the aggressor, and as a rule, in view of the contemporary organization of warfare, must at least at the same time bring about an increase in the defender's military might. . . . The further to the rear lies the point where the defense intends to achieve a reversal, the greater the part of the country which will fall into the hands of the enemy; however, the greater will be the fruits of the victory achieved by the defense and the heavier the blow struck at the advancing foe, who by that time will have moved far away from his native land. The greatest success ever achieved by the defense was attained [by Russia] in 1812, precisely along those lines. The reward of such a conduct of the war was the complete annihilation of the truly colossal offensive army, which was led by the most powerful and most ruthless protagonist of the Strategic Offensive. The world power of Napoleon shattered itself against the power of the Defense."

In applying this method, the Soviet High Command gave up 500,000 square miles of valuable territory, for which the Germans paid the following price: some 7,000,000 casualties, 18,000 tanks, 15,600 planes, and 22,000 guns of various calibres. The Germans got little except a lot of guerrilla-infested land to police. Much of what could be destroyed was destroyed. All that could be moved east was moved. Contrary to their experience in western and southeastern Europe, the Germans got little and expended a lot. By the end of the fifth month of the war the German Army had advanced the following distances: some 550 miles along the operative line Kovno-Dvinsk-Pskov-Leningrad (counting the late November thrust to Tikhvin), about 700 miles along the line Brest-Minsk-Smolensk-Moscow (counting the late November thrust past Tula to Scopin and Kashira), some 600 miles along the line Rovno-Kiev-Poltava-Kharkov, and the same distance along the line Galatz-Odessa-Rostov. The Germans were besieging Leningrad and Sebastopol, and had enveloped Moscow and taken Kharkov and Rostov.

This is where the Soviet High Command decided to deliver the counter-blow. The decision was not based only upon the fact that the line reached by the Germans was of prime importance from the standpoint of communications, territory, indus-



© Punch

Problem in British aid to Soviet Russia

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try, culture, etc. The decision was prompted by a complex set of circumstances such as the very importance of that line, the advance of winter, the state of readiness of the evacuated war industries, the degree of advancement of the training of the "winter reserves" and the general state of the country's mobilization.

The blow was struck without stint, with full vigor (but *not* with all available reserves). Against the tanks, armored cars, and motorcycles of the *Wehrmacht* the Soviet High Command sent whole armies on skis and sledges, entire army corps on horseback. The mechanized forces of the Germans had been immobilized by the snow and terrific frost and, at best, were glued to the narrow winter roads. The Germans who expected to win this war before winter had not enough and not good enough winter clothes for their men, few skis, few skiers. Their machines were not adapted to low temperatures. Their oil was of the wrong kind. Their machine guns and other guns jammed. Very few planes were equipped with skis and, therefore, could take off and land only on regular well equipped airdromes which were not available near the front. And so, following the panzers, the planes got stuck, leaving the air practically, if temporarily, to the Red Air Force. In addition to this, as we saw before, the German lines of communications were 600 miles long on the average.

THESE are the conditions under which the *counter-blitz* (if I be forgiven this rather trite and amateurish expression) started on the morning of December 7. (I do not include the Donetz offensive started on November 20 and the Rostov attack on November 28.) This was a *counter-blitz* of men on skis and horses, of machine guns and guns on skis and sleighs, with Arctic-trained pilots flying planes that can fly.

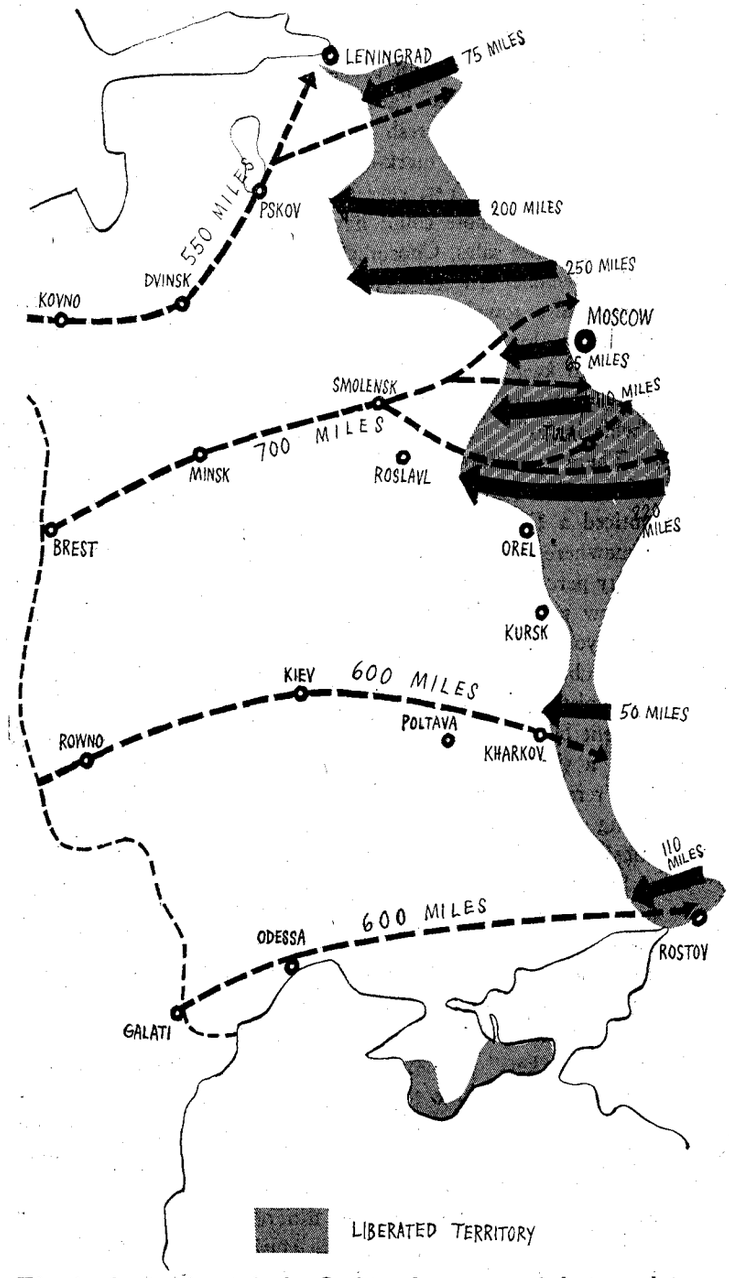
The Germans, clinging to what was left of inhabited places, were forced to concentrate on so-called "knots of resistance." Here they built whole fortified and entrenched camps. But in between the "knots" there were huge wind and snow-swept gaps. Thus the Soviet small pincers tactics were indicated. The Red Army silently slid and galloped on, biting off one "knot" of resistance after another, by-passing the large strong points.

Thus, the Red Army in six weeks of actual advance has bitten off about seventy-five miles on the Leningrad direction—the Tikhvin salient, 180 miles on the Kalinin direction, about sixty-five miles in front of Moscow, and over 220 miles along the Skopin-Roslavl line. In this particular direction the average mechanized advance of Gen. Guderian was 4.6 miles per day while the Soviet advance was at the rate of 5.5 miles per day on skis and horses. All in all in six weeks about one-fifth of the occupied territory has been recovered by the Red Army.

The question now arises as to whether the Soviet strategy in this advance is nothing but a replica of the German strategy during the first five months of the war. True, wedges and pincers have been used on both sides. But this is where the similarity ends. The difference is very simply explained in an article by a Soviet General Staff officer, Colonel S. Gurov, who writes:

"The German wedges were of an adventurous nature, just like their whole tactics of strategy and policy. They consisted of mobile groups of tanks, motorcyclists and motorized infantry, which broke through our lines in weak spots and raced into the rear, not paying any attention to the fact that Red Army units remained on both sides of them and that the main German forces and supply bases were left far behind.

"The fascists expected that the Red Army units would flee



The farthest points of the Soviet advance as of last week

in panic when they saw the German tanks and motorcycles on their flanks and rear, as was the case in France. However, the Red Army formations immediately closed up with neighboring units, with the result that the German troops which had broken through were cut off from their main forces and supply bases.

"The Soviet wedges, on the other hand, were driven in soundly and permanently. Our tanks, armored cars, ski troops and cavalry do not make rash dashes. Instead they carefully and firmly squeeze the fascists in pincers, leaving no vacuum as they advance. The rear immediately and completely is filled by following columns."

When we clearly understand this Soviet method, we will be less impatient for news of wide sweeps and deep penetrations of the German lines. This is a laborious, hard, and slow process. A fight against a terrible enemy whose power is far from broken. The enemy bends—and of this there is no doubt—but he does not crack . . . yet. On the other hand, the Red Army High Command has not thrown in all its reserves, not by a long shot. . . .

COLONEL T.

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UNDER THE COUNTER

What to look for when buying shoes, hosiery, men's suits, rayon dresses. . . . Using that weekly pay envelope to best advantage. Chiselers, speculators, and war profiteers.

DID you, or the housewife of your family, shop the traditional January "white sales" this year? Unless you live in a hotel, someone probably did, because few sales events are better devised to "get" the housekeeper. The handsome window displays of fresh sheets and towels looked the same. There were even the mark-downs. But mark-downs from what? December prices? Yes, very likely. And if you wondered what kind of prices those could have been, with such dizzy figures offered in the sales, Consumers Union has an answer for you. By November sheets were already up 31½ percent, with bedspreads, towels, cotton rugs, and blankets pretty well stringing along. And merchants were even less anxious than usual to keep prices down. Why? Because they needed some leeway to cut a little, come January, for the big annual "white sales"!

There is nothing special about this increase in wartime, of course. But some things simply don't seem fair. Perhaps you noticed a Federal Reserve Board announcement tucked away somewhere that said 416 large companies increased their profits thirty percent over 1940 in the first nine months of '41, in spite of new taxes and the fact that 1940 was a very "good" year. And your own living costs were up eleven per cent by last November and still increasing 1½ percent a month. Price Administrator Leon Henderson says it will be another nine percent by spring, if the movement isn't stopped. Perhaps you have a slightly increased pay envelope and perhaps not; the fact remains that during last September and October higher living costs were already outstripping wage increases. Real purchasing power is on the way down.

Everyone is hearing from all sides about buying carefully and wasting nothing. People in the lower wage brackets have always had to do those things, but you really must work much harder at it now. It's one way of helping to check run-away prices, provided some other things are done. You mustn't fear wise rationing, for one thing. It's the only way we'll avoid "black markets" for America. We need a real price control bill, but quickly. One to take the rubber out of some of those "ceilings." And there must be heavy taxes on war profits and big incomes. It would be to the advantage of the country's victory program if prices were controlled and every one could save on living costs and put the difference into Defense Bonds and Stamps. Meanwhile, to give you an idea of just what's happening to that pay envelope, here is information on some of the items you buy from time to time. The facts and figures are mainly from Consumers Union.

Shoes: Men's shoes went up fifteen percent, women's less, but that's not the whole story. Men's work shoes are up eighteen percent and this situation repeats itself time and again. Too often it's the *work* shirt, the *work* shoe, the worker's food that show the relatively greater increases. Anyway, shoe production was very large last year, and manufacturers openly resentful toward any suggestion of standardization in the interest of defense. But they could profitably use a little of it, both for themselves and for defense—first by untangling the hopeless mess that shoe sizes are in. Hides went under a ceiling early, incidentally. Women's shoes and handbags depend more on imported goat and kidskin and this means "Watch out for inferior substitutes." The trade has admitted the use of inferior leather in bags.

C. Rowe in the British "Our Time"

Rayon Dresses: Here is a major front where women will really have to "Watch Out!"—especially in the "washables," which you will want more than ever with the threatened rise in dry-cleaning costs. Dyes are inferior. And you'll find a disposition against guaranteeing garments for the suds. Also, rayon itself is needed for defense, and there have been speculative price rises despite informal yarn ceilings. Rayon by the yard had risen twenty percent last December over a year ago. Manufacturers are also using more of it to combine with wool, in order to keep down prices on overcoats and blankets. In short, less and poorer—and costlier—dress rayon. Don't overlook darker cottons as a possible winter substitute for some occasions. The supply is better and cotton is less touchy about dyes.

Men's Suits: Wool goods by the yard were up fifteen percent for the year by December 1. Maybe you paid more, maybe you just got less for your money. Look for further rises, despite ceilings, adequate woolen supplies at home, and plenty more in South America and the British empire. Reason: Increased importing costs and huge new army demands. Speaking of the army, the uniform influence is supposed to put civilians into strictly single-breasted, dark-colored suits, say the manufacturers.

Hosiery: Both silk and nylon stockings were up twenty percent last month over a year ago. Most of the remaining silk stock is going for military purposes. And nylon stockings? "Scandalous" is the word used for that situation by none other than the National Retail Drygoods Association. Costs of manufacturers are up only about ten percent, but stores are paying sixteen dollars to eighteen dollars a dozen for stockings that used to come at less than nine dollars. The Office of Price Administration is supposed to be investigating, but the manufacturers are showing no concern. By the way, on those rayon tops and feet they've been offering you with nylons—skip such stockings. Especially the foot end; perspiration is death to

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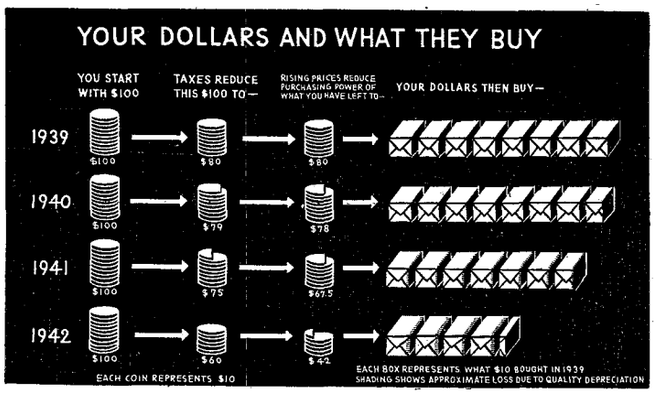

Courtesy "Bread and Butter"

If present trends continue unchecked, the consumer's dollar in 1942 will be worth just 42c. The prediction is based on authoritative government data. Effective price and quality control, plus strong restrictions on speculators and profiteers, can raise purchasing power greatly.

rayon. And let's not let the men's sock problem get lost in the maze of this complicated stocking situation. It usually does. Anyway, the mercerized ribbed ones were already up forty-five percent last fall and woolens twenty-five percent.

Men's Shirts: Here is one of the most glaring instances of work clothes prices being pushed up at a disproportionate rate. Most shirts had gone up eleven percent by November, but for work shirts the increase was 32½%. And it doesn't simplify anything to learn that cotton work trousers were up twenty-two percent and overalls thirty-one percent. Incidentally, manufacturers admitted last summer that there had been quality cutting in the $1.35 and $1.65 shirt lines to avoid price rises. But they're up anyway and probably will go higher.

Rents: These have been going up fast during the year, but it's been an uneven rise and a tough one to chart. Whereas rents were only 7.9 percent above the 1935-39 level for large cities, as of last November 15, the increase was many times sharper in major defense centers. This year is going to be a lot worse, with three shifts of workers in the defense factories and speculation in building ownership undoubtedly setting in. The "building boom" of 1941 was nothing more than a normal replacement, after a decade of under-building. It did little to relieve the housing shortage. It's going to be difficult to get repairs attended to—landlords will sometimes have trouble obtaining materials and will at other times claim the stuff can't be had, merely as a money-saving alibi. Try and find out which it is. The latter kind of chiseling is a particularly mean type of minor war profiteering and it's your duty to squawk about it.

Sugar: Ever since 1917 sugar prices have been closely associated with war in the mind of a whole generation of Americans. Sugar is highly speculative and any small increase in demand puts the speculators to work shoving up prices—under cover of the cry that consumers are hoarding. This is a fairly critical moment in the sugar situation, because retail prices have not gone up excessively as yet. But we've had speculation, high tariffs, import difficulties, agitation for increased payments to the beet sugar growers, and a prospective increase in the use of sugar for the manufacture of ethyl alcohol. All of this will show on the household budget very soon and very sharply unless we obtain effective price controls. Sugar is already on the rationing list. According to the Office of Price Adminstration, consumption of sugar this year should average almost one pound per person per week. But this does not mean that under the rationing plan now being developed it will be possible to buy that much per person each week for home use.

Milk and Milk Products: Monopoly control did its worst to milk prices last year, at the very time when people needed plenty of it. The retail average for December was the highest since the same month in 1920. Even evaporated milk, which you could once use for cooking and thus get around high fresh milk prices, is now up twenty-five percent. It will save you something, but not as much as formerly. Cheese was up thirty-four percent retail in November over the same date last year. Butter stocks are more than twice the size of those on hand last year, but retail prices were up about twenty percent during last fall. Consumers Union and other authorities approve oleomargarine as a cheap substitute, especially now that it's vitamin enriched under new federal standards. But that's up a little, too, and state and federal taxes, plus the opposition of the dairy interests, combine to keep the price higher than it should be. Further price rises may result from troubles over fat and oil supplies.

THIS IS a tiny sampling of all that's to be said about the cost of things. There's a lot more—there's the story on hats, underwear, children's toys. There's quantities more to be said about the things you eat and drink. The ticklish coffee and tea situation, for instance. And more can be said about the things you need for your house and what is happening to the price tag. The war situation may also turn up new things, things you haven't bought before but which may fit in well now. Did you know, for example, that fluorescent lamps, which you probably haven't purchased, have actually gone down in price? They still cost more at the outset but use only one-third as much current as the incandescents. The manufacturers say that they reduced them as a patriotic gesture, because they're so important in defense factories. Maybe they did, but you definitely can help by saving power for defense and money on your light bill. It's worth your looking into, and so are a lot of other things that consumers need to know about now. I will try to bring you more information from time to time.

ELISE MOORER.

Gropper in the Russian War Relief Calendar

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NEW MASSES

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Special Memo

As we have often said in these pages, a magazine is as strong as its readers. The achievements this publication has to its credit can be attributed to the loyal support of those who read it. Their suggestions, their proposals, their criticisms, are, in a large way, the rudder with which this magazine is steered. There has always been mutual counsel between reader and editor. Today, the editors have a matter which they wish to place before the reader.

We have felt, for some weeks, that these are times when NEW MASSES must grow to much greater stature, obtain a much wider influence than ever in its history. This can only be done by reaching new strata of our populace—the additional thousands who are seeking the answers to questions that fell upon them with the bombs on Pearl Harbor.

For that reason NEW MASSES has launched its drive for 5,000 new subscribers by March 31. Needless to say, subscriptions are the lifeblood of a publication like ours. Others, the commercial magazines, depend upon advertising: our publication, experience has taught, can depend upon the advertiser to only a limited degree. We stand or fall by our subscribers. Therefore, the accent on subscriptions.

As always we must depend upon the initiative, the energy, the loyalty of our supporters. On the back page of this issue we have a statement to our readers, a proposal which can go a long way toward the solution of making this magazine so powerful that we need never fear for the morrow. Anyway, we urge you to read our back cover, consider it carefully, and then let us hear from you by return mail.

Communique

AUSTRALIA and Burma have come into the spotlight this week as the Japanese continue to widen their Pacific offensive. What the Japanese are trying to do by capturing the islands off the north coast of Australia is to give themselves a base for invading that continent; at the same time, by closing the Torres Straits between New Guinea and Australia, they intend to block the movement of American reinforcements to the Dutch East Indies and Singapore. Our only other course would be to go all the way around Australia, or else to concentrate on the shipping route around South Africa and into the Indian Ocean. Unfortunately the Japanese have also invaded Burma in considerable force. Thailand has declared war against us. Here also the Japanese are attempting to gain bases around Rangoon from which to send their ships and submarines against British and American shipping in the Indian Ocean and the Persian Gulf. At the same time, of course, the Japanese calculate on severing the Burma Road, thereby isolating China. Thus, by stoppering all the approaches from west and east, they expect to be able to concentrate on Singapore and Java in relative security.

Such a strategy must not be underestimated. For if the Japanese retain their sea and air supremacy around the various East Indian islands, this far-flung, and daring plan might very well be successful. That is why the plea from China and Australia for immediate assistance has to be taken seriously. It is true that many of last week's statements from China were rather alarmist, so much so that responsible Chinese authorities have tried to soften their impact. But the fact remains that both Australia and China have a case. They are right when they ask for closer strategic collaboration with their allies. And they are quite right when they insist that reinforcements must be sent to hold as much of our Pacific positions as we possibly can, and make Japan's advances as costly as possible.

FORTUNATELY there are some real signs that this is happening. American flying fortresses made their appearance in Burma last week, taking enough of a toll in Japanese planes to slow down the Singapore drive. Most significant of all, American warships made their appearance in the straits of Macassar, off Borneo. This is so deep in the Dutch East Indian area that it will certainly encourage all of our allies, altogether apart from the fact that the loss of several Japanese transports and heavier ships means a real weakening of Hirohito's navy. MacArthur continues to show the kind of last-ditch fighting spirit which serves as inspiration everywhere. And finally there is the extremely encouraging fact that Chinese troops are being admitted into Burma in substantial numbers, a sign that the ancient anti-Chinese attitudes in southeastern Asia are giving way in the course of the struggle. In fact the best chance of breaking up the Malayan drive and holding Singapore still lies in a flank attack against Siam and French Indo-China. For such a drive, the Royal Air Force, our own flying fortresses, and Chinese troops have key roles to play.

THINGS are not going well in Libya, where the Nazis are holding up the British advance, and have even shown enough strength to push the forward British columns back. But at Moszaisk and in front of Vyasma, Hitler has suffered a major defeat, and it is so acknowledged by even the most begrudging observers. At the same time, the Red Army has uncovered a wide enveloping movement, which cuts off the German armies at Leningrad, reaches almost to the Latvian border and outflanks Smolensk from the north. And all this, with the Donetz and Crimean zones still to be heard from. As one newspaper puts it, the Russian front is still the front of "great battles and great hopes."

AEF

THE NEWS that American troops have arrived in the British Isles sends a thrill throughout our own country and Europe. True, the President in his message to Congress had announced that such an AEF would be sent, and true, also, the size of the contingent may not be very large. But there is something magnetic and exciting in the fact that America's manpower has at last reached the theater of warfare—it is the kind of news that will percolate into the towns and villages where men and women have been waiting and waiting, waiting for the day when American troops would arrive in Europe to confront Hitler. The arrival of these troops should encourage the British, and will undoubtedly make Churchill's task in the Commons this week less difficult. What is needed are continual arrivals in ever larger volume, so that together with the British we can open that front in the west this spring at the latest—so that the war may reach its showdown in 1942.

Pearl Harbor Verdict

THE report of what happened at Pearl Harbor, delivered to the President by the commission under Associate Justice Owen Roberts, does not make very happy reading. The nation learns that the former chief of the Pacific fleet, Admiral Kimmel, and the leading Army officer, General Short, were guilty of "dereliction of duty." They failed to pay attention to repeated warnings, from January of last year right through last November, that a conflict with Japan was definitely in the cards. Second, they failed to cooperate with each other, apparently preserving some of the Army versus Navy football rivalry in such a serious matter as war. Third, the nation learns that some 200 Japanese consular agents in Hawaii were per-

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mitted to evade registration as agents of a foreign power, and were allowed to use even ordinary commercial radio outlets for the dispatch of messages to Tokyo. The result was that Japanese flyers had detailed maps and information about our naval and air positions when they arrived on December 7. Finally, the armed forces were not alert, says the report. There was no systematic patrol off Hawaiian waters as there was supposed to be. There was no inshore patrol, and the instruments for airplane detection, supposed to be working twenty-four hours a day, were actually working three hours a day in many cases. On the eve of the attack, a good percentage of the officers were off their posts; almost a third of the naval commanders were not on their ships—and while they fought gallantly when the battle came, there's no doubt from the report that it caught them wholly unawares.

The story is rather dismal, but the mere fact that this report was made, and in such a stern, critical spirit, is a distinctly healthy sign. Some observers think that the FBI has been let off rather lightly for its failure to clean up espionage on the islands. Other observers feel that the Roberts report has been over-easy on the responsibilities of the higher officers in the war and naval departments, even though both Knox and Stimson seem to have realized a long time ago the real danger of a sudden attack from Japan. On the whole, however, this is a report which will heighten national morale precisely because it is so frank. And if it leads, as it must, to a unified command of our armed forces, an end to petty jealousies and a real clean-up of inadequate leadership, the report will be of enduring service.

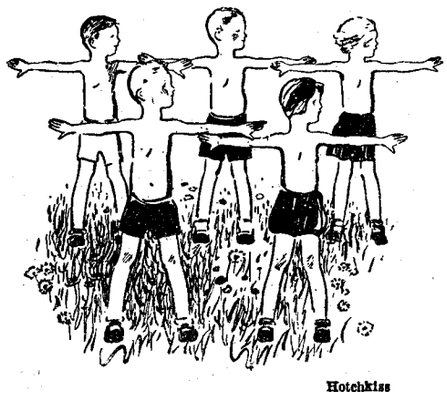
But above all, what stands indicted in this report is the mentality of Kimmel and Short, the mentality which believed that Japan would never attack us. This is the mentality of the Munichmen, the mentality of those who were listening to the former Undersecretary of State, William Castle, or to Charles A. Lindbergh. It is the mentality of men who did not understand what fascism is, and were therefore unprepared to take it seriously, or meet its challenge. If anything, the Roberts report has been overgentle in not pointing out this fundamental *political unpreparedness* of our higher command at Pearl Harbor. It is such unpreparedness which must be rooted out wherever it still exists in the national services.

Vae Victori

NINE years ago on January 30 the clownish man with the rasping voice and ridiculous mustache entered the large building on the Wilhelmstrasse to assume his new duties as chancellor of Germany. There were some who were disposed to scoff, others to tremble, but few could have foreseen how vast a canvas of violence and bloodshed and hate would be painted by this once obscure Austrian corporal. Slowly the republic had been whittled away—whittled away by Bruening, by von Papen, by Schleicher, by Hindenburg, and by the right-wing Social-Democratic leaders who supported them, until the sum of all these follies and betrayals could equal only Hitler. Nazism, suckled for so many years by the Thyssens and Krupps of big business, stepped upon the prostrate body of free Germany and took over.

The tragedy is that the lessons that were burned into the flesh of the German people with the whips of the concentration camps were not learned in other countries. The tragedy is that after appeasement of reaction had led to catastrophe in Germany, it was tried on a much larger scale internationally. The tragedy is that out of fear of the Soviet Union and the popular forces within their own countries—a fear which the Nazis skillfully played on—the ruling circles of Britain, France, and the United States listened to Chamberlain and Lindbergh rather than to Litvinov, and fed this Caesar the meat which gave him power to conquer and loot nation after nation and threaten the existence of all.

But that lies in the past. History has caught up with this arch-criminal. Appeasement bred Hitler, and Hitler has bred *the unity that will destroy him.* The *vae victis* (woe to the vanquished) which he flung like a terrible banner over the earth is already becoming *vae victori* (woe to the conqueror). Woe to the legions fleeing through the great white spaces of Russia, woe to the vandals that have been driven back into Libya, woe to those that feel the wrath of the enslaved peoples, yes, and woe to the accomplices in Asia, who shall not be omitted from the reckoning. Twenty-six nations have pledged, and the blood and sacrifice of millions have sealed that pledge, that what began on Jan. 30, 1933, and what began two years earlier in Manchuria shall be wiped from the face of the earth.



Hotchkiss

How Long?

JUST about a month has gone by since Admiral Muselier of the Free French Navy steamed his corvettes to St. Pierre and Miquelon, the celebrated islands off the coast of Newfoundland. And just less than a month has passed since our State Department outraged the country by suggesting that the islands be turned back to Vichy. Since then the matter has been hushed, but the important issues of principle are still unsettled.

One report has it that American troops are going to take over the powerful St. Pierre radio, while the islands as such are returned to Vichy. A second report says that the State Department would like to hold still another plebiscite, as though the fact that the Free Frenchmen are on the islands and were welcomed by popular enthusiasm were not sufficient proof of how the people feel. Some observers think that no news is good news. Others say that the State Department is obviously embarrassed, and is trying to save face. It has also been suggested that the State Department is employing the very fact that the Free French are on the islands to drive a better bargain in the current negotiations with the Vichy crowd in France.

At any rate it is time, we think, for some definitive clarification of American policy. As things stand today, our policy still contradicts that of Britain and the Soviet Union. How long will it take the State Department to remember that the people of France are fighting Hitler and that the least we can do for them is to recognize de Gaulle?

Send it Now

ALMOST never is public sentiment on any issue recorded fully until quite some time after the people have made up their minds about it. Thus, it is obvious that the more than 2,000,000 individuals who have already gone on record as requesting the release of Earl Browder are still only a portion of the number who earnestly desire his freedom. To communicate that desire to our Chief Executive, who has the power of exercising clemency in Browder's case, is the responsibility of every person who appreciates traditional American justice and recognizes the tremendous value of Earl Browder's anti-fascist leadership. Tens of thousands of individual telegrams between now and Lincoln's Birthday—marking that occasion as well as President Roosevelt's birthday on January 30—should be sent, beginning *now.*

The Citizens Committee to Free Earl Browder, in its nation-wide conference held January 25 in Manhattan, stressed the wire campaign as the most immediate feature of the whole drive. Members of the committee urged the sending of postcards after February

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12 to the end of the month. They planned a detailed twelve-point campaign which includes the setting up of community Free Browder Committees, mass meetings, mass organization resolutions, and finally a national conference to be held in New York City on March 25, the first anniversary of Browder's imprisonment. But we repeat—the most urgent business on hand for everybody is to dispatch those telegrams.

Unity in the Making

AMERICA'S fight against the Axis has been greatly strengthened by the appointment of a joint CIO-AFL board which will work with President Roosevelt to secure united maximum participation of labor in the war effort. Whereas the previously designated War Labor Board, which is a government agency, confines itself to employer-labor disputes, the new board, appointed directly by the AFL and CIO at the President's suggestion, will be able to advance joint proposals regarding every phase of labor activity in the war. Not only will this make possible that unity of action so essential to all-out production, but it is also the most practical way of laying the basis for an ultimate organizational merger.

In voting unanimously to appoint three members to the new body, the CIO executive board rejected John L. Lewis' attempt to launch unity negotiations with himself as master of ceremonies. It likewise rejected Lewis' contention that the CIO unity committee, originally appointed in 1938 with himself as chairman, had sole jurisdiction and was superior to the executive board in this matter. Lewis' letter also proposed either a special CIO convention to consider labor unity or a referendum among the membership. These are steps which would at the moment delay immediate joint action to help win the war.

A statement of labor policy unanimously adopted by the CIO executive board puts the emphasis where it belongs: on winning the war. "The CIO and AFL," it declares, "should proceed to effectuate a joint program which will obtain maximum production in every mill and plant throughout the nation. This is the primary task before us today and one which cannot await discussion on any other issue." While reaffirming its desire for a unified labor movement, the CIO points out: "A permanent solution of this question presents numerous difficulties. The adjustment of this problem must not be permitted to weaken or destroy the existing and developing united action of labor—both nationally and locally—in the prosecution of the national war effort."

We feel certain the entire country will approve this approach to the problem.

Autos into Tanks

NO DOUBT a large number of the 750 auto, tool, and die manufacturers who met in Detroit this week to confer on war production know the problem and take it very seriously. But it's the remarks of some of the biggest auto industrialists that almost make one wish for the horse-and-buggy days —at least we could use the horses for cavalry. Take for example the speech by C. E. Wilson, head of General Motors. It is Mr. Wilson's studied opinion that the auto industry can turn out war models quickly "when we have to," and that all-out production can be achieved "in the same old way we used to run the auto business." As for the Reuther plan, well, the General Motors chief is opposed to all "mysterious plans or words like pooling and subcontracting." Since pooling and planning were the subjects of the conference, Mr. Wilson must have felt that he had landed in Wonderland. It is not very likely that he will be jolted back into reality solely by the pep talk of Ernest Kanzler, Nelson's appointee to the automotive branch of the War Production Board. At least as reported by the press it was a pep talk. We don't know whether Mr. Kanzler got tougher behind the scenes, but we wish he had been less associated, as a former Ford production man and Edsel's brother-in-law, with men opposed to war conversion of the auto industry. Obviously the most unreserved determination to do the job, without regard to personal feelings or profits, is needed in this conversion program. For the program *can* be accomplished—California United Auto Workers declared in a recent conference that the industry could be so converted within thirty days. These unionists do not live in any Wonderland. From the standpoint of their interests, their patriotism, and their understanding of the problems involved, they are in the production vanguard. We believe that most of the American public has realized this, just as the smaller manufacturers of autos and auto parts have realized it. It doesn't take a technician to grasp the general outlines of the "mysterious" Reuther plan and to admire its common sense. And common sense, plus a hard-working, hard-headed devotion to country, is just what America demands of its planners. Which would mean giving labor the opportunity of fullest participation in all councils on the adjustment of industry to the enormous needs of this war.

Good Riddance

GOOD news for democracy and national unity: the Dies amendments to a Department of Justice bill have been killed by a House and Senate conference committee. The bill, passed by the Senate in its original form, tightens the regulations governing the registration of foreign agents. The Dies amendments, sneaked through the House when less than one-sixth of the members were present, brand the Communist Party as a "foreign agent," link it with the Nazi Bund, and require the party to register. We can think of only one piece of news that would be better than this Dies setback: refusal of the House to appropriate new funds for the Texas fuehrer's crusade against democracy.

The Hautau Case

IT IS a little startling these days to realize that the phrase "Communists and Nazis" is still incorporated in some laws and still used—against Communists. It is the basis of the Hautau case in Newark, N. J. William B. Hautau, and three other defendants, are to be tried soon in a US District Court on charges of "perjury." The origin of the case goes back to July 1940, when Congress passed a rider to the Emergency Relief Appropriation Act requiring all WPA employees to swear that they were not "aliens, Communists, or members of any Nazi Bund organization." The last-named group was let alone—in fact, even after the United States had entered the war, WPA's personnel manager, Roy C. Jacobson, told a delegation in Washington that his agency had "no machinery" for investigating Nazis on its payroll unless they themselves admitted membership in a Bund organization. On the other hand, hundreds of active trade unionists were suspended or dismissed as "Communists." Hautau and his companions—Harry Lipschutz, John Sulkowski, and Sinch O'Har—were active in unemployed organizations, which made them poison to men of Dies' mentality. The allegation against them is that they are Communists, and therefore committed perjury in signing the affidavit required for employment. Investigators and spies have made life such hell for Hautau's family since he was dismissed from WPA in October 1940 that his wife has had to be committed to an institution for the insane. While this persecution goes on, Judge Guy Fake dilly-dallies with the proceedings, refusing to render a decision on a demurrer pointing out the obvious unconstitutionality of a law which would take away on political grounds a citizen's right to work.

There's more in this than a familiar crying of "Communist" against progressives. Even if the defendants were Communists, and these men are not, that very fact would put them in opposite categories from the Nazis, would ensure their anti-fascism and patriotism. It would put them also in an opposite category from men who refuse to molest Nazis but subvert the American Bill of Rights.

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THE WAR GOEBBELS DIDN'T WIN

Their books were burned, their manuscripts destroyed. But many exiled writers continue to contribute to the common cause. How they are living and fighting.

WITH the close alliance of anti-Hitler forces everywhere, literature in exile assumes a new importance. What are the exiled writers doing, how do they contribute to the great common cause, and how will they continue the life lines of their respective cultures through the "lean years" until they can again root themselves in native soil? The following survey is necessarily fragmentary. The exiles are scattered throughout five continents. Even with these difficulties, however, the summary tells something of how refugee writers are attempting to survive, and of how they are fighting.

The largest section of international literature in exile is German (and Austrian). There are German exiled writers in Hollywood and New York, Sidney and Mexico City, Shanghai and Rejkjavik, London and Moscow. Johannes R. Becher, Willi Bredel, Friedrich Wolf, Theodor Plivier, Adam Scharrer, and half a dozen other German writers are heard daily on the Soviet radio, speaking to Germany—telling mothers about the terrific losses on the battlefront, undermining further the hollow morale of Hitler's soldiers.

All of these writers have recently published new works. Becher, one of Europe's foremost poets, presents a new volume, *Sonette;* Bredel, well known for his novels from Nazi concentration camps and Spanish trenches, has written a novel, *Relatives and Acquaintances,* depicting his youth in Hamburg; Theodor Plivier, whose *The Kaiser's Coolies* gained international fame, published a novel about his adventures as a sailor in Latin America; Adam Scharrer, author of many stories about German peasants, finished a novel about a Berlin family; Friedrich Wolf, well known in this country for *Professor Mamlock* and *The Sailors of Catarro,* returned from a French concentration camp with a play about Beaumarchais and is now busy with a new drama which deals with a Nazi pilot's desertion to the Red Army.

In Shanghai a small group of exiled newspapermen and other writers are editing the *Post* and organizing a Free German Theater. In Australia the former Hamburg editor and drama critic, Justin Steinfeld, directs a camp theater. Werner Tuerk, author of several novels about Berlin workers and small businessmen, finished a book, *Escape from Norway.*

In England most of the German writers finally got out of the camps where they were imprisoned by ignorance or viciousness. One of the best German poets, Max Herman-Neisse, died recently in London, leaving a volume of new verses. Alfred Kerr, Berlin's most noted drama critic, has completed a book of anti-Nazi verse and other poems. Arther Koestler's Valtinesque novel *Darkness at Noon* and his dull, sentimental *Scum of the Earth* met with considerably less success in England than in the USA.

A few exiled German writers are still in hiding in unoccupied France. One of them, Balder Olden, author of a well known novel, *Life of a Nazi,* managed to get to Argentina. He is working there on a novel dealing with the fall of France and the adventures of emigres in the disastrous months of the summer of 1940.

A colony of German writers has gathered in Mexico during the last months. Anna Seghers, distinguished German novelist, whose book *Seven Crosses* will be published in the United States this spring, is at work on a novel of life in Vichy France. Egon Erwin Kisch—German-writing Czechoslovak, "the rampant reporter"—has just published his autobiography, *Sensation Fair.* Theodor Balk, author of several books about racial theory, minority problems, etc., is writing a book, *The Lost Manuscripts.* Bruno Frei, well known editor, is busy with a book about the concentration camp of Le Vernet. Bodo Uhse, who left the Nazis in 1928 and gained their hatred with *Soldier and Mercenary,* finished a new novel about the life of officers in the Nazi army, *German Destiny.* An English edition is in preparation.

Most of the German writers are now in the United States. Quite a number of them have succeeded in getting books published or in securing contracts for new works. But among the majority of those who have not found a publisher are such noted writers as Alfred Doeblin, author of a score of novels and plays. And there is even the shameful fact that a manuscript of Heinrich Mann's, the greater of the two brothers, still travels from one publisher to another in spite (or maybe because) of its "timeliness" and political importance. It is Heinrich Mann's French wartime diary which, in style and content, stands head and shoulders above the recently published books of Koestler, Hans Habe, Maurois.

A. Walkowitz

Lion Feuchtwanger's book about his flight from France, *The Devil in France,* has just appeared. Bert Brecht's latest play, *Mother Courage,* will be published in a few weeks by *New Directions.* It is an historical play dealing with the time of the Thirty Years' War in Germany. Bruno Frank, whose *Life of Cervantes* was a success in England and the United States, finished a novelette, *16,000 Francs,* and is working for the movies. So are Leonhard Frank—one of the finest German prose writers and the "master of the small Viennese form"—and Alfred Polgar, both having ceased for a long time to write more substantial works. Franz Werfel has once more demonstrated the serene aloofness from the troubles of the world which enabled him to read sublime verses to Schuschnigg, while machine guns were pounding bullets into workers from the garden of his Viennese villa in the bloody days of February 1934. He now has written a novel about the French town of Lourdes—submerging himself completely in the myth of "Sainte Bernadette" and doing in a bad way what Emile Zola did splendidly. Petain and Laval are great friends of Lourdes, and Lourdes as a machine supports Laval and Petain. But, of course, nothing of these things is to be found in Werfel's book.

Thomas Mann continues to write biblical novels. His son Klaus is editor of *Decision.* His daughter Erika is preparing a book about England in the war. Together with Arthur Koestler, she made a very unfortunate appearance at the Pen Congress in London, advocating foreign protectorates over a carved-up Germany after the war. Ferdinand Bruckner, noted playwright, is at work on a play dealing with the American Revolution. Herman Kesten whose books, *The Children of Guernica* and *I, the King,* have been published in this country in the last two years, is finishing a novel, *The Twins of Aschaffenburg,* which deals with Germany from the first world war up to the second. Oskar Maria Graf, whose *Mother* was well received by the American reviewers, is writing the second part of this autobiography. Nazi Germany will have a big part in the story. Leopold Schwarzschild, a sort of German Louis Fischer, had just completed a book based on the thesis that the German-Soviet

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pact must lead to a full-fledged military alliance when Hitler attacked the USSR. Similar "misfortunes" struck a few other exiles. And now all are hastily "readjusting" their shattered positions.

Adrienne Thomas, Alsatian writer known for a war book on women, *Kathrin Becomes a Soldier,* is writing a book about refugee children. Alex Wedding whose *Eddie and the Gipsy* was successful in England and is known also in the US, finished a juvenile about Germany in the time of the great peasant war, and is actually working on a book dealing with the Hessians who were sold to the English kings in order to fight the American Revolution. Will Schaber published a book, *Thinker against Junker,* an anthology of German representatives of humanism and barbarism. F. C. Weiskopf—a German writer from Czechoslovakia — has just finished a novel dealing with the underground struggle against Hitler in occupied Slovakia. The novel will be published in English in March, 1942, under the title *Dawn Breaks.* Fritz von Unruh and Walter Mehring are working on new poems and plays. Martin Gumpert just published a book, *First Papers,* not without making a few unwise remarks about "isms," the story of how he took his first steps to become an American citizen. Hermann Budzislawski, former editor of the *Weltbühne,* finished research work for a study of the Nazi conquests of Europe up to the war. Max Beer, editor and essayist, just published in New York a book written in French, *The War Did Not Take Place,* another story about the fall of France. Ernst Bloch, one of the finest philosophical writers, has a book ready, *The Dreams of a Better Life.* As yet no publisher has been found for this outstanding work.

THE FRENCH WRITERS have the great opportunity of having a French publishing house in New York and being able to publish in their native tongue. Jaques Maritain, Andre Morize, and Pierre de Lanux have published books about the French defeat. Claire Goll has two new novels for her readers: *The Grave of the Unknown Lovers* and *Barbarian Education,* both dealing with Nazi Germany and her predecessor, the Junker Germany. Ivan Goll's poems, *John Landless,* are scheduled to appear in the spring in a mixed French and English edition. Robert Goffin—a French-writing Belgian—is preparing a collection of small books about the plight of Belgium under the Nazis. An exile although not "in persona" Louis Aragon figured on the fall list of his American publisher with his great new novel, *The Century Was Young,* which has not yet been printed in its original language. Vladimir Pozner, known for a witty book about the USA, has finished a book exposing the real culprits of the French defeat. Andre Simon, after his *Men of Europe,* is at work on two new books about Europe today.

The best of Poland's literary emigration is in this country. Four of the foremost writers of Poland arrived in the USA only a few months ago. Joseph Wittlin has just published *Salt of the Earth,* the first volume of his *Saga of the Patient Foot Soldier,* estimated to be the best written novel of modern Polish letters. He is now writing a book, *Raptus Europæ*—his adventures in war-torn Europe. Juljan Tuwim, famous poet, finishes a volume of poetry. Lechon and Wierszinski are at work on new fiction books dealing with Poland's recent history.

The Czech literary emigration is very small due to the fact that Czechoslovakia was conquered "peacefully" and many of the best writers remained in the country until it was too late to get out. Now news has reached the Czech emigres that Nezval and Seifert, the two most outstanding poets, have been put into concentration camps. A fraction of the Czech literary emigration is in Moscow: Professor Nejedly, one of the first scholars of his country, published there the first volume of a *History of the Czech Nation,* and Ondra Lyschorsky, gifted poet, wrote a score of new verse which are being shortwaved to his native land. In London Czechoslovakia's best playwright, Frantisek Langer, serves with the army as a surgeon. Apart from a few articles he has not published anything. The young poet Brusak wrote a series of very effective radio programs for anti-Nazi broadcasts. Gustav Winter, for many years on a newspaper assignment in Paris, published a book in Czech about the fall of France. The other publications of the new official Czech publishing house in London up to now are not very lucky. The Minister of Interior Jan Slavik's volume of poetry is surely the best poetry government members have written in the last ten years, but by literary standards it is just trash, in spite of the glowing review given to it in the New York *Times* book section some time ago by an official having Mr. Slavik as one of his superiors. Egon Hostovsky, one of the outstanding younger novelists, published in Czech in Chicago *Letters from Exile.* Adolf Hoffmeister's book about his flight from Morocco to USA was published in New York in November. The book *Animals Are in Cages* is illustrated by the author who belongs to the best cartoonists of Central Europe. Both the Poles and the Czechs have founded literary supplements to their papers published in London.

THE LITERARY EMIGRATION from the Balkans is small and scattered throughout the Near East and America. Croatia's most famous writer, Krleja, has been murdered by the Nazis. Radulo Stojensky, Montenegrin poet, is in Moscow. So is the Bulgarian writer Stoyanoff. Both took an active part in the All-Slav rally there. The Greek writer Dzelepy is just on the way from a French concentration camp to Mexico after two years of imprisonment. Now news has come as to the literary production of these and other Balkan literary emigres.

Karin Michaelis and Sigrid Undset, representatives of the Scandinavian literature in

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exile, are both in this country working on new novels—a utopic one and an historical one. Franz Molnar, an emigre by chance, continues his production of fancy operetta pictures of Budapest and Vienna life. His latest work, *Chocolate Soldier,* has just been bought by Hollywood. Another Hungarian writer, Aladar Tamas, now in Mexico, has written a book about the camp of Le Vernet without having any opportunity to publish it.

We are at the end of our survey which, in spite of its necessary fragmentary character, shows how far-flung is the activity of refugee writers.

O. T. RING.

Odyssey of Escape

THE DEVIL IN FRANCE, *by Lion Feuchtwanger. The Viking Press. $2.75.*

LION FEUCHTWANGER has added a personal footnote to a familiar and sickening story. The betrayal of France by the doddering generals, the crafty Lavals, the inept, Janus-faced Blums—this has been told again and again by Andre Simone and others. What Feuchtwanger has to offer is not political analysis but the notebook of a sensitive novelist, the impact of catastrophe upon beheavior, the *human* portrait so often blurred in the wild swirl of historical events.

In May 1940 the famous novelist was living at Sanary on the Mediterranean. Like so many others, Jews and anti-fascists of all creeds, he had chosen France as a land of refuge. It seemed incredible that he—so often referred to by the Nazis as Public Enemy No. 1—should be placed in a concentration camp by a government ostensibly fighting the Nazis. At the very moment he was interned, French planes were dropping leaflets quoting from his books upon the German lines. Yet there with him in that converted brickyard of Les Mille were Foreign Legionnaires who had lost limbs in the service of *La Patrie,* men married to Frenchwomen whose sons were officers on the French General Staff, known anti-fascists whose faith was evidenced by the scars of Dachau and Buchenwald, fighters from the International Brigades of Spain.

The official explanation was that they had been interned for military reasons, that there was a suspicion that some Nazis were lurking among the various groups of Central Europeans. But this was subterfuge. The refugees had been sifted again and again. Since the outbreak of the war they had been under constant surveillance by the police. "We had been interned simply to put on a show for the French people, to divert public attention from the men who were really to blame for the French defeats and could not be reached."

But betrayal at the top, unless ruthlessly cut out, eats its way down through the whole social structure, particularly in the state apparatus. Feuchtwanger does not believe that many of the lesser officials and army men were deliberately cruel. But their justified lack of faith in the crumbling ruling of the Third Republic, their distrust of any war led by Weygands and Gamelins—all this led to an attitude of *"je-m'en-foutism"*: "I don't-give-a-damnism." This was the Devil that Feuchtwanger met in the France of 1940—the Devil of Untidiness, of Unthoughtfullness, of Sloth, Convention, Routine, Bureaucracy.

In incident after incident, told with the feeling and novelistic skill of *Paris Gazette,* we see this Devil in operation. The internees sleeping body to body like cattle on straw litters. The nonsensical work projects of building up and dismantling useless brick piles. The horrible latrines that ringed the tent camp at Nimes where Feuchtwanger was transferred after the French defeat. The inevitable dysentery. The fantastic tradesmen who took orders for rare books and miraculously fulfilled the orders while in camp.

Nimes itself was a "Breughelesque hell." White conical tents were set in a beautiful countryside, and there, surrounded by the stench of the dung pits, famous writers, businessmen, ex-Reichstag officials haggled for pieces of rope or vials of arsenic as they waited for the German Control Commission. The guard would stop you at the gate, but if you crawled through the barbed wire no one paid any mind. Yet, lacking papers, there was no sense in running away since it was impossible to get out of France. So the men would crawl through the wire, hike to Nimes or Avignon, spend the day trying to dig up false passports, and then return to their "home" of straw and filth.

In this upheaval men reacted according to their natures—some with fear, some with fatalism, some with heroism. Suicides were common. Feuchtwanger himself, whose escape was finally effected by his wife and some unnamed friends, lets his intelligence play over these events with an ironic and yet warm light. He impresses one as a kind of Marcus Aurelius—a man of common sense and stoicism. He likes to think of himself as a fatalist; he smiles at those who would isolate the Single Cause, the Prime Mover. And yet he has a basic faith in the power of men to change their own destiny. He has seen the dawning of a better world and described its light.

SIDNEY ALEXANDER.

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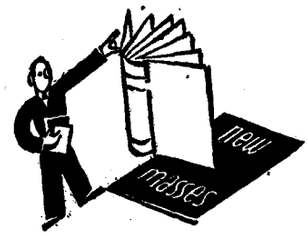

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The Great Dissenter

THE BRANDEIS GUIDE TO THE MODERN WORLD, *edited by Alfred Lief. Little, Brown & Co. $2.75.*

ALFRED LIEF, who eleven years ago did an excellent job of compiling the social and economic views of Mr. Justice Brandeis as expressed in his judicial opinions, has undertaken a similar though far more ambitious project. From Brandeis' personal conversations, private letters, public addresses, magazine articles, statements before legislative committees, legal briefs, and judicial opinions, Mr. Lief has culled what he regards as the significant thoughts and expressions of opinion essential to an understanding of the man. In contrast to the earlier book, only a few selections have judicial opinions as their source.

To most lawyers today Brandeis is best known for his accomplishments as a Justice of the United States Supreme Court. When he retired in February 1939, he had been a member of the Court for twenty-three years. He had sat in cases which had their roots in the first world war, the great boom of the twenties and the correspondingly great depression of the thirties, and in the political and economic upheaval which goes under the name of the New Deal. During most of these years he fought side by side with Holmes in leading a valiant minority which sought to rescue some bits of social legislation from the deathlike grip of a reactionary court. "Holmes and Brandeis, JJ., dissenting" was the fighting slogan for a whole generation of lawyers. During these years, too, he sought to impress upon his colleagues the necessity of avoiding decision making in the mental vacuum of *a priori* reasoning; he urged upon them instead a technique of deciding cases, and especially constitutional cases, against a background of economic realities, institutional behavior, and social change. It was Brandeis' historic function to breathe new life into the law by bringing it into close touch with life itself.

It is but natural, therefore, that the years which Brandeis spent upon the bench should dim the memory of an earlier period of his life when, as an advocate, he stood in the forefront of the struggle against concentrations of power and privilege. These were the years (1890-1910) which saw the rise of powerful vested interests and the expropriation of the country's resources under the buccaneer flag of *laissez faire*. The liberals of that day countered with populism, muckraking, and trust-busting, and Brandeis joined them in their attack on bankers, corporations, and corrupt politicians. The list of his achievements is long. He battled for good government, fought against abuses in the granting of public franchises, sought utility rates which should be fair to both consumer and corporation, participated in labor struggles as a representative of the people, served as cousel in many cases in which social legislation was under attack, revealed the tremendous concentration of power in insurance companies, and fathered the system of savings bank insurance in which the state of Massachusetts pioneered. It was only fitting that Brandeis should become known throughout the country as the "people's attorney."

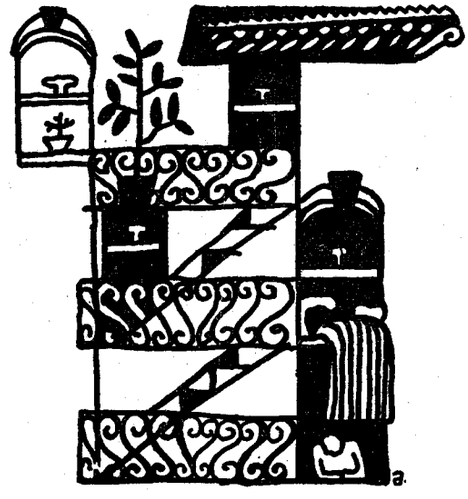
If this book does nothing more, it serves to remind us that these were the formative years of Brandeis' thinking. Selection after selection is taken from something Brandeis said or wrote prior to 1916. Clearly it was the advocate who determined what the judge would one day say.

Unfortunately, the book suffers from the methods used to present its material. Ideas and opinions have been plucked from time and space and set down with only the alphabetizing of topics to provide some measure of coherency. Thus isolated from the life and reality which called them forth, the opinions, no matter how well expressed, are but the skeletons of their true selves. Indeed, the failure of the editor to project the ideas upon the background of events which formed them constitute a singular departure from Brandeis' own technique.

Nor has any attempt been made to show a possible change or progression of ideas. We cannot be certain that any particular thought represents Brandeis' final word on the subject. For example, Brandeis is known as an advocate of decentralization in respect to government as well as business. In fact he has been charged with carrying the doctrine of states' rights far beyond the necessities of the present day. Did his opinions remain unchanged under the impact of the depression and the inadequacy of the individual states to cope with problems which refused to be limited by geography? What happened to those opinions on decentralization when the federal government attempted to put into effect remedies on a nation wide scale? No answer is provided to this question, or to many more of a similar nature that might be asked.

In short, this book is but a footnote approach to an understanding of what Brandeis thought. Even so short a biographical sketch as preceded Lief's prior work on Brandeis adds more to our knowledge of the man and his ideas than do these selections.

GEORGE PARSONS.



Foster

Long Ago

THE CAMBRIDGE ECONOMIC HISTORY OF EUROPE FROM THE DECLINE OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, *edited by J. H. Clapham and the late Eileen Power. Volume 1:* THE AGRARIAN LIFE OF THE MIDDLE AGES. *Cambridge University Press. $7.50.*

THE medieval era, studied here in terms of its feudal, manorial, and allodial bases, constitutes a dynamic society which never stands still, whose beginning is a decline, whose end is a renascence, and whose history is a textbook in dialectics. Indeed, Marx and Engels give it much attention in their writings on political economy and historical materialism. While clericalists attempt to make fascist propaganda out of medieval corporatism, and the question of origins—Teutonic or Romanic?—has acquired chauvinist overtones, medieval history as a discipline is in fact less *Tendenz*-ridden than other fields of historical study. A Marxist finds himself more or less at home in the medievalist's careful attention to historical facts and trends.

The present work does not offer important historical revisions, but does round out the generally accepted picture. Treatment is chronological, topical, and regional. Index, maps and charts, and itemized table of contents make up for the poor wartime paper stock. The writing is detailed but readable. A novice, however, would do well to turn first to a simpler book, such as W. S. Davis' *Life on a Medieval Barony,* Leo Huberman's *Man's Worldly Goods,* or the Soviet textbook in English, *History of Feudalism.*

The contributors are for the most part not among the world's most noted scholars in medieval or economic history, despite the distinction of the two editors in the latter field, but on the whole they do a good job. Academic circles often speak of the defects of cooperative scholarship, but in fact the Cambridge historians, like those of the Soviet Union, have long recognized that no one man can treat an extensive subject with a scientific competence comparable to that of a group of specialists working in accordance with a well conceived outline. These contributors have surmounted great difficulties—the personal histories are in Professor Clapham's preface—to devote themselves to a study requiring exact methods, and they have done so in the high tradition of the *Cambridge Histories.*

It is of course seriously to be regretted that Soviet scholars, who have done such admirable and in many cases pioneer work in this field, should be ignored, and the section on Russian feudalism assigned to an emigre whose bibliography, unlike the others in this book (which are excellent), omits practically everything published since 1917. In contrast, the section on England, written by an American, cites a work on thirteenth century English feudalism published in Russian in Leningrad, 1935. Is it not high time for historians and social scientists to accord the recognition to their Soviet confreres that, for example, biologists have—not to speak of statesmen?

JOHN IRVING.

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KAFFEE KLATSCH

In "Cafe Crown" the characters wander in search of a plot. A poor comedy about a rich Yiddish legend. . . . Mr. Raphaelson haunts the critics. Reviewed by Alvah Bessie.

IN HIS new play Mr. Kraft has tapped a rich vein of human material in the legendary Cafe Royal on Second Avenue and Twelfth Street, New York, long the scene of backstage intrigue and gossip for actors of the Yiddish theater. For the disguise is purely perfunctory. *Cafe Crown* is certainly the Cafe Royal; Hymie the waiter is certainly Herman the bus-boy, and the famous David Cole cannot be other than the late great actor of the Jewish stage, Jacob P. Adler, whose life gave rise to many legends richer than those related in *Cafe Crown.*

For obvious reasons Mr. Kraft has watered down his material when he has not exploited it. In fact he has not written a play so much as he has gathered a job-lot assortment of queer and amusing and heart-warming people, and let them wander about the stage. Plot there is practically none, suspense is seriously lacking, characterization goes no deeper than the skin. With what is left, Elia Kazan, the director, has done the best he could.

Yet so real are some of these people at moments, and so recognizable, that the audience frequently has a good time in spite of some really atrocious theater writing and a "drama" that slops along when it does not fall flat on its face. Some of Mr. Kraft's people are very funny; many of his gags are good, but the whole thing takes on less of the aspect of life than of a burlesque version of life, gagged and hoked to the eyebrows.

The great David Cole, actor in the grand manner, has not graced the stage in five long years. His activities have been confined to directing, when he has been active at all. Now he reappears with a play in his pocket that he wants to mount, and he tells the story of it to his partner Hymie, the waiter-proprietor of the Cafe. Hymie is willing to put up the money as long as it isn't Shakespeare, which he contends never pays. That's part of the plot.

The other part deals with David Cole's generation of children, who are deserting the Yiddish stage for Broadway and Hollywood. His daughter is on Broadway; his wife is about to play in Flatbush; his prospective son-in-law is flirting with a Hollywood contract, and the old man's soul is ravaged. He has convictions; he wants to give his people the best possible theater; he despises Broadway and Hollywood with their cheap, cardboard success.

The conflict that follows involves David Cole's successful fight with the fleshpots. He's something of a ham himself, and you can never tell when he means what he says and when he is engaging in his profession offstage. He wins the day, but in a manner that is purely mechanical, purely contrived, and carries no conviction—the worn-out device of a "change of heart."

It is too bad that Mr. Kraft saw these people as quaint and humorous rather than deeply human and rich in deeper intimations. His cardplayers and kibitzers, his idealistic stagehand, his waiter-entrepreneur, his frustrated playwright, and his critic, all demand deeper exploration—delving that would have uncovered real truths about people who are, in life, less special than they are basically human and understandable. This is where the exploitation of milieu and character comes in.

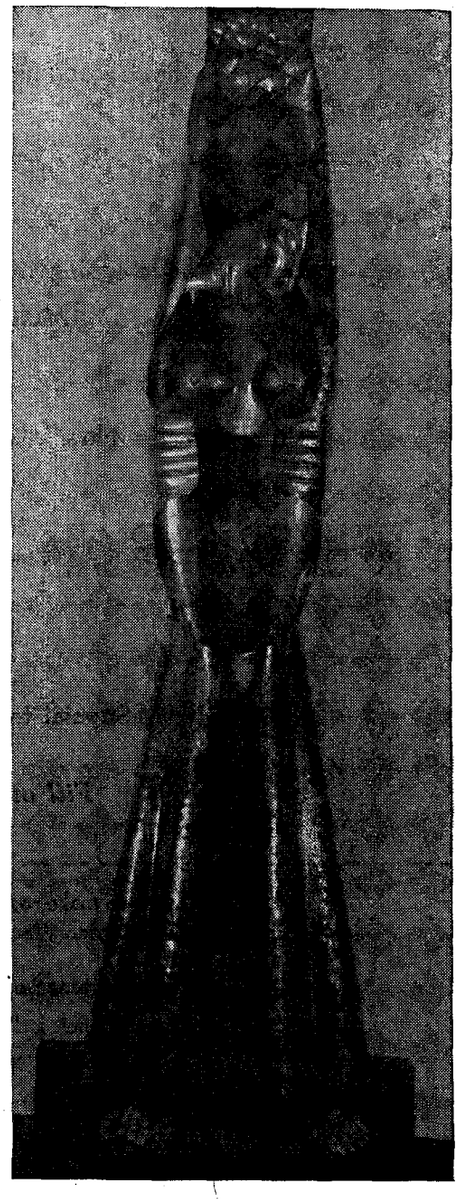
But perhaps Mr. Kraft was not interested in writing a comedy that would have carried serious overtones; he may merely have wanted to entertain. Writers must learn that the most satisfactory entertainment can come only out of deep exploration of the human soul—to be somewhat pompous. Had Mr. Kraft looked further, his play would have been both funnier and more meaningful.

There are many talented people in this play. Sam Jaffe's Hymie is a delight; it has warmth, charm, and much humanity that seems to have been supplied more by the actor than by the playwright. Lou Polan's stagehand is a shrewd and humorous job of acting, and Eduard Franz is creative in the role of the playwright who cannot write unless he does a lot of reading—of other people's plays. The extra waiter of Jay Adler (one of the original clan) has a marvelous insouciance and, as with Mr. Jaffe, we can readily believe he had been a waiter all his life.

In the central role of David Cole, the fine artist that is Morris Carnovsky comes off second best. He fights an uphill battle with a character that is not really written and must depend upon the superficial aspects of the role for what conviction he carries. It is an almost impossibly written character, this David Cole, but I felt that Mr. Carnovsky could have done more with it than he did. He must not be afraid of the role, poorly written as it is. He must look deeper into a human being he must have met many times in the theater and really let himself go. For although David Cole is underwritten, the basic spine of the character is there—not so much in the person of the late Jacob Adler as in a type of human being who is of all time and all countries: the man who has spent too many years looking in a mirror, has been sadly overpraised, and cannot tell himself from someone else.

Cafe Crown could have been a really persuasive job of writing and understanding, special as its setting and characters may seem at first glance. In *Cue for Passion,* of a season back, Mr. Kraft wrote a first act that represented real insight into people and their relationships. The people who inhabit the *Crown Cafe* deserved as understanding and as detailed a treatment.

ALVAH BESSIE.



DAWN: *Aaron Goodelman's sheet copper sculpture at the ACA Gallery in New York.*

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PERHAPS there is some truth in the allegations Mr. Samson Raphaelson makes about drama critics in his new play, *Jason*. For all the daily reviewers seem to think he was writing a play about a drama critic, and accordingly, they all make disclaimers. They say, in effect, we don't live in penthouses, dictate our reviews to secretaries, drink sherry before dinner, have show-girl wives; we're not like that at all. None of them seemed to know what Mr. Raphaelson was writing about.

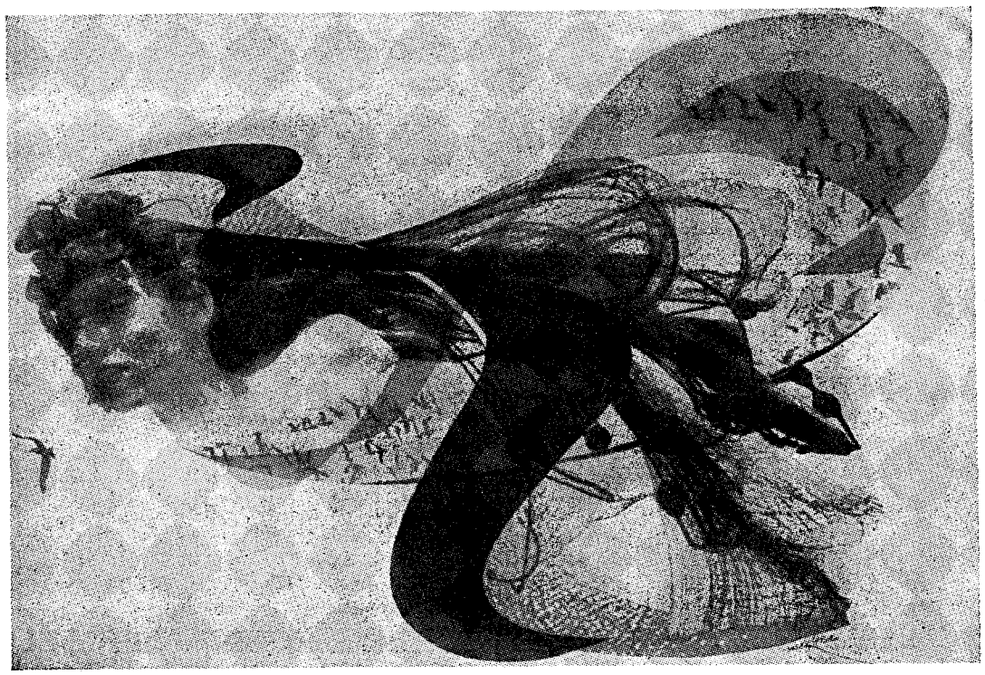
For *Jason* is not a play about a drama critic, even though he is the nominal "hero" of the piece. It is a play about the relationship between the artist, the critic, and the public. Mr. Raphaelson was very courageous to tackle such a problem, for it does not lend itself readily to dramatic treatment. But tackle it he did.

And in order to dramatize the problem, he has placed on the stage a critic who somewhat resembles George J—— N——, a playwright who somewhat resembles W—— S—— (not Shakespeare), the critic's beautiful wife who is busily engaged in concealing her social origin, and a job-lot assortment of other characters, critics, and plain people. Also, Mr. Raphaelson has had recourse to the conventional triangle, and he has not been able to make up his mind whether he is writing farce, satire, drama, high tragedy, or what have you.

THIS MAKES for confusion. It also makes for boredom. His drama critic is a dreadful stuffed shirt (this was intended) who, in contact with the genius that is W—— S——, begins to realize that he lives in a porcelain tower, has no contact with life. The playwright shatters his isolation in several ways, makes love to his wife, forces him to recognize his own realities, breaks his heart, and restores him to himself. Some of this is interesting.

Most of it is not, because Mr. Raphaelson has not gone deeply into his people, has not known how to write them convincingly. Played by Alexander Knox, the critic is a very real human being, and Nicholas Conte does a fine job with the moon-struck playwright. But the issues in which Mr. Raphaelson was interested—the relationship between life, literature, and criticism—do not emerge in terms of the human beings he has chosen to manipulate. There is much talk, little action, less suspense, no real resolution, or final exposition of ideas.

What Mr. Raphaelson might have done with this material, I don't know. What he *has* done with it is to confuse his audience and himself. He has also, at moments, done a neat job of exposing the pretensions of such "critics" as George J—— N——, who have debased criticism to the level of character assassination; such playwrights as W—— S——, who have deliberately exploited the beauty of human beings for their own purposes. Mr. Raphaelson is on the side of the people. But they will not find much comfort or enlightenment in this play. A. B.



HERBERT MATTER'S *design, executed originally for the Isaac Goldmann Co.'s calendar, is currently exhibited in the Art and Commerce Show at the Willard Gallery in New York.*

"Paris Calling"

A new anti-fascist movie thriller . . . "Mr. and Mrs. North."

FILM writers and producers, on the whole, are extraordinarily responsive to ideas and headlines. Unfortunately, it is sometimes the wrong sort of response. To some film minds, the French underground struggle against Hitler is not so much a profoundly moving record of human heroism as a peg to hang a picture on, and the picture may very well turn out to be a grotesque like *Paris Calling*. For here is a film dealing with one of the most dramatic subjects of our time, and, what is more, a film alive to some of the political implications of that subject. The aviator hero of *Paris Calling* has been fighting fascism from the beginning; has fought against Franco. The Vichy villain of the film is depicted as the miserable appeaser that he is. Yet this political intelligence and this tremendous subject have been degraded into background for the same old boy-meets-girl plot.

The heroine of *Paris Calling* has three mansions, seven servants, eighteen fur coats, and a Vichyman for a fiance. It takes the death of her mother during a Nazi machine-gun attack on helpless refugees to convince her that fascism must be destroyed. Thereafter she plunges into the underground movement, a rather operatic underground movement which exists largely as a laborious device to bring her to the American aviator's arms. Her adventures include playing the piano in a waterfront cafe, returning to her Vichy lover as a spy, killing him melodramatically to steal the papers, being surrounded by the Gestapo, and being snatched to safety in a British Commando raid organized for her especial benefit. As a picture of life in the underground movement, this is merely silly; as a thriller, it is too familiar and too slow in pace to excite anyone.

For the actors of *Paris Calling*, as well as the subject, are magnificent. Elizabeth Bergner, who has often been excessively kittenish, is here remarkably subdued and straightforward as the indomitable Marianne, while Basil Rathbone's complacent Vichyman is etched in sulphuric acid. Both make their implausible lines seem momentarily real and honest. Eduardo Ciannelli, mercifully freed from the villainous roles to which he has lately been condemned, stands out as one of the French underground fighters. But the most dynamic performance of all is Lee J. Cobb's. A good many Gestapo officials have appeared on the screen, yet none who, without noise or melodrama, so admirably summed up in one personality everything that we are fighting.

"I WAKE UP SCREAMING" and *Mr. and Mrs. North* have nothing in common except murder. The first is a hard-boiled whodunit of the Dashiell Hammett school; originally a competent detective novel, it has received a screen translation which did violence to the letter but managed to preserve the spirit. With a coherent and unusual plot, clever direction, and one very fine character study, *I Wake Up Screaming* is an unusually good example of its genre.

The murder of a beautiful model begins it, but immediately a series of flashbacks present the model's rise to fame and the entanglements which preceded her death. No screen

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device becomes tedious and sentimental as easily as the flashback, and the speed and force of these are a tribute to the film's direction. As the picture progresses, its emphasis is subtly shifted from the identity of the murderer to the relentless persecution of the chief suspect by a police detective—a soft-voiced, grim giant whose personality dominates the film. And the film's brilliant ending is not a melodramatic struggle with a trapped killer, but the far more profound struggle of the detective's tortured mind.

Nevertheless, the murderer's identity is never obvious, and the suspense of the chief suspect's flight from the police is very great. Perhaps some of the uncertainty is unintentional, for the romantic leads are so badly and unpleasantly acted by Victor Mature and Betty Grable that it is quite possible to suspect them of murder. Carole Landis is hardly more than competent as the girl who was murdered, but she glitters like true gold by the side of Miss Grable; as for Mr. Mature and his leering allure, they go far to justify the film's title. But the performance of Laird Cregar as the hulking detective atones for much of this. Cleverly lighted and photographed, Mr. Cregar gets an extraordinarily sinister quality into a normal face and voice and expression; he is not only terrifying, but human.

In contrast, the chief personality of *Mr. and Mrs. North* is like nothing human. A rather routine mystery plot is enlivened by the world's daffiest heroine, aptly played by Gracie Allen. Mrs. North is the sort of woman who, having brought home her husband to discover a corpse in the closet and undergo a police bombardment, finds him thereafter somewhat distrait and wails, "Oh, darling, you've changed so since you've come home! What's happened?"

Mrs. North, however, does not get murdered, although not only the killer but also her husband and several policemen have adequate motive to strangle her. Mrs. North continues to talk. She is very funny, but there is a little too much of her, and much too little picture to go with her.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Record Renaissance

New trends on wax. Last year's best discs.

FRANKLY, I can't account for the renaissance of interest in recorded music in the past several months. Perhaps it was the slashing of the retail price of recordings, or maybe the sheer excellence of the newly issued products could not be resisted. At any rate, the recording companies are weeks behind in filling orders.

In their almost frantic desire to capitalize on the situation, the two major recording companies — Victor and Columbia — engaged in unprecedented competition, with duplications of releases occurring too often to be attributed to coincidence. Last April both Victor

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and Columbia released Beethoven's "Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)" and in December the Franck "Symphony in D Minor." In the case of other important symphonic works like Brahms' Fourth and Fifth, Schumann's Fourth, and Tschaikowsky's Fifth and Sixth, only one month elapsed between the two companies' issuance of the same symphony. Since these compositions were played by such outstanding musical organizations as the Philharmonic, NBC, Boston, and Philadelphia Orchestras conducted by distinguished baton-wielders like Toscanini, Koussevitzky, Ormandy, Beecham, and Stokowski, the competition was of definite benefit to the public. Another happy consequence has been a decided improvement in the mechanical quality of recordings. Surface scratching was reduced to a minimum and all the subtleties and nuances of the music were presented with what approached maternal care.

Neither the classical nor modern school of composers has been neglected. The "Three B's," Handel, and Wagner received more than a fair share of attention and the 150th anniversary of Mozart's death was honored with a multiplicity of his works. Five of Tschaikowsky's six symphonies were released during the year—his "Symphony No. 2" recorded for the first time. Modern music was well represented with new compositions by Copland, Blitzstein, McDonald, Gould, and others.

A new and vital force in the recording field emerged during last year, the Keynote Recording Co. This organization had previously confined itself to occasional releases of worthy single records like Harold Rome's "G Man." Keynote presented significant new recordings by Joshua White, the Almanac Singers, and the Red Army Chorus. Huzzahs are due them if only for their release of *"Chee Lai!* Songs of New China" by Paul Robeson, Liu Liang-mo, and the Chinese Workers Chorus.

A most encouraging feature has been the trend toward songs of the people. Keynote led the field, but Victor and Columbia have not been too far behind, with recordings by John Jacob Niles, the Red Army Chorus, Burl Ives, Elsie Houston, and the Kleinsinger-Whitman opus, "I Hear America Singing."

I'm probably sticking my neck out, but I'd like to offer my selection of the best recording of 1941, even at this late date. With such outstanding presentations as Brahms' Fourth Symphony by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Koussevitzky conducting, and Mitropolous' interpretation of the Cesar Franck Symphony, the choice has not been easy. However, I still feel that the wreath should go to Brahms' "Piano Concerto No. 2 in B Flat Major," played by Vladimir Horowitz with Arturo Toscanini conducting the NBC Symphony Orchestra. The music contains a wealth of vigorous rhythms, fierce conflicts, and lyrical melodies which Horowitz plays with astounding power and incredible brilliance. Toscanini does not surprise us—he again indicates that he has no peer in the conducting field. This magnificent recording drives home the magnitude of Brahms' conception and the musicians' phenomenal interpretation.

With my first choice out of the way, it might not be amiss to conclude this survey with a group listing of the recorded high spots of 1941. The order in which the selections are listed is not to be regarded as an indication of their relative merits.

SYMPHONIES

Brahms' "Symphony No. 4," Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting, (Victor $5); *Franck's "Symphony in D Minor,"* Minneapolis Orchestra, Mitropoulos conducting, (Columbia $5.50); *Beethoven's "Symphony No. 3 (Eroica),"* Philharmonic, Walter conducting, (Columbia $6.50); *Tschaikowsky's "Symphony No. 5,"* Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, (Victor $5.50).

CONCERTOS

Brahms' "Piano Concerto No. 2," Horowitz and NBC Orchestra, Toscanini conducting, (Victor $6.50); *Tschaikowsky's "Piano Concerto No. 1,"* Horowitz and NBC Orchestra, Toscanini conducting, (Victor $4.50); *Brahms' "Double Concerto (Violin and Cello),"* Heifetz, Feuermann and Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting (Victor $4.50).

OTHER INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC

Beethoven's "Quartet No. 14 in C Sharp Minor," Budapest String Quartet, (Columbia $5.50); *Handel's "Concerto Grosso No. 1 and No. 2,"* Hermann Diener and Collegium Musicum, (Victor $4.50); *Mozart's "Sonata No. 34 in F Major (Violin and Piano),"* Yehudi and Hephzibah Menuhin, (Victor $2.50); *Brahms' "Five Intermezzi,"* Gieseking, pianist, (Columbia $2.50); *Mozart's*

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FOLK SONGS

Richard Dyer-Bennet, lute singer, (Keynote $2.75); *"Bayou Ballads of the Louisiana Plantations,"* Marguerite Castellanos Taggart, (Victor $2.75); *"Brazilian Songs,"* Elsie Houston, (Victor $3.50); *"Red Army Songs,"* Red Army Chorus, (Keynote $2.50 and Columbia $2); *"Smoky Mountain Melodies,"* (Victor $3); *"American Folk Lore, Vol. 3,"* John Jacob Niles, (Victor $3.75); *"The Wayfaring Stranger,"* Burl Ives, (Columbia $1.90); *"American Folk Songs,"* American Ballad Singers, Elie Siegmeister conducting, (Victor $2); *"Yiddish Folk Songs,"* Victor Chenkin, (Columbia $3.50); *"Russian Folk Songs,"* Soloists, Gypsy Chorus and Red Army Chorus, (Keynote 50c each).

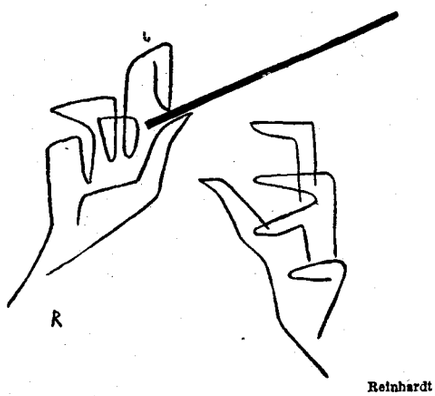
PROGRESSIVE RECORDS

"Chee Lai!" Songs of New China, Paul Robeson, Liu Liang-mo, and Chinese Workers Chorus, (Keynote $2.75); *"The Midnight Special"* and other prison songs. Leadbelly and the Golden Gate Quartet, (Victor $2); *"Talking Union"* and other trade union songs, Almanac Singers, (Keynote $2.50); *"Southern Exposure,"* (Jim Crow Blues), Joshua White, (Keynote $2.75); *"No For An Answer."* Modern opera by Marc Blitzstein, (Keynote $4.75).

SINGLE RECORDS

Debussy's "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun," Philadelphia Orchestra, Stokowski conducting, (Victor $1); *Sibelius' "Aus Banger Brust" and "Langsamt Som Kvallsskyn,"* sung by Marian Anderson, (Victor 75c); *Tschaikowsky's "Andante Cantabile,"* Heward String Orchestra, (Columbia $1); *Chabrier's "Espana,"* London Philharmonic, Beecham conducting, (Columbia $1); *Wagner's "Prelude to Die Meistersinger,"* Pittsburgh Symphony, Reiner conducting, (Columbia $1); *Bach's "Sonata for Flute, Violin and Piano,"* Moyse Trio, (Victor $1).

MICHAEL AMES.



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VICTOR A. YAKHONTOFF, Czarist general in World War I and former Soviet military adviser in Far East, will speak on the **SOVIET OFFENSIVE AND THE WAR WITH JAPAN.**
Auspices: Gramercy Group.
Nola Auditorium—Steinway Hall, 113 West 57th Street, 8:15 P.M. **FRIDAY, JANUARY 30.** Subs. 50c. Incl. tax.

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by **SENDER GARLIN,** Daily Worker columnist, Sun., Feb. 1st, 8:30 P.M., Workers School, 35 E. 12th Street. Admission 25 cents.

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PROGRESSIVE'S ALMANAC

January

29—School for Democracy. Final week of Registration. 13 Astor Pl.

29—Workers Bookshop, Morris U. Schappes will speak and autograph his books. Admission free. 8:30 P.M.

30—League of American Writers. Friday Night Readings from Works in Progress. Lillian Barnard Gilkes, Novel of Arkansas Sharecroppers. Ralph Ellison, Warren Bowers, Lee Hayes, commentators, 237 E. 61st St.

31—West Indies National Council and Haitian Democratic Association; Haitian Carnival Dance, Native Dances, Pretorian Hall, 8th Ave. and 142nd St.

31—Saturday Forum Luncheon Group. Lectures every Saturday by well known novelists and critics. Rogers Corner Restaurant, 8th Ave. and 50th St., 12:30 P.M.

31—I.W.O. Trade branches, Star Concert, Town Hall, New York.

31—Fur Workers—Annual Mid-winter Ball —Royal Palms Hotel, Los Angeles.

February

1—Almanac Singers, Sunday afternoon, "Hootenany" housewarming new quarters, 430 6th Ave., N. Y. C.

4—Workers School Series, Joseph Starobin on "Areas of World Conflict." 35 E. 12th St.

6—League of American Writers. Friday Night Readings from Works in Progress. Robert Carse, Freedom Front, Alfred Kantorowitz, commentator, 237 E. 61st St.

6-8 (inclusive)—NEW MASSES' Mid-Winter Week-End—Plum Point; 53 miles from New York.

7—Brownsville Old Timers'-New Timers' Reunion. Full Hour Pageant, Community Ballroom, 128 Watkins St., Bklyn., N. Y.

7—Jewish Musical Alliance, Jewish Music Concert, Cosmopolitan Opera House.

7—Followers of the Trail "V" Cabaret & Dance, benefit Russian War Relief, Fraternal Clubhouse, 110 W. 48th St.

8—Daily Worker, 18th Anniversary, Manhattan Center, 2 P.M.

8—I. W. O. Medical Staff—Night of Stars, Brooklyn Academy of Music.

21—Unity Reunion Dance, Preview 1942, Webster Hall.

21—Oklahoma Book Sale. Benefit Oklahoma Book Trials. Place to be announced.

22—ALP—2nd Annual Liberty Ball, Royal Windsor.

27—Russian War Relief—Dance Recital, Paul Draper, Haakon, Robinson, etc. Carnegie Hall.

March

1—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade—Dinner, Memorial Division, Hotel Diplomat.

6—Soviet Russia Today, 10th Anniversary Banquet, Program, place to be announced.

15—NEW MASSES' Lincoln Steffens Memorial Tribute Meeting. Sun. afternoon, 2 P.M., Manhattan Center.

20—Veterans Abraham Lincoln Brigade, Spring Dance, Webster Hall.

LAST CHANCE to REGISTER!

Some classes have already reached their maximum enrollment, and have been closed. Register now for evening classes in Current Events, History, Economics, Politics, Science, Trade Unionism, Literature, Movies, Music, Art, Psychology, Philosophy. Eight Dollars per course. Registration 10 AM to 10 PM.

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?—FOR YOU

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH

Letters from you, remarks by many of our 1200 "editorial associates" at the open editorial board meeting the other week, said, in one way or another: **"New Masses is indispensable to those who want information, facts, and insight to participate most usefully in a fast changing world."**

The editors of New Masses therefore concluded that at least twice as many Americans could be benefited by becoming subscribers to this magazine. **As a first step we decided to launch a drive for 5,000 new subscribers by March 31. To do this job we need your help.**

We need today 1,000 volunteers for New Masses. One thousand understanding men and women who will ensure the success of our magazine by becoming leaders of this campaign. One thousand who will begin their job by getting two new subscriptions by March 31.

We believe the truths New Masses presents its readers are the truths of a time which is as perilous to our nation as the days of 1861, of 1776. The sovereignty of our people, the liberty of our country, is at stake. The Minute Men of 1776 stepped forward to defend those stakes at Lexington and at Concord. Their descendants emulate them, are already doing so in the deeds of Lieut. John Benton Bulkely, of Fernando Tan, of Capt. Colin P. Kelley, of the millions of obscure, but great men and women engaged in the battle of production. The deeds of these men and women, the necessary program to assure that these sacrifices achieve victory, these things **are** New Masses. And these truths, these realities, these insights must get across America in a way we have never hitherto achieved.

For these reasons we ask for 1,000 men and women to volunteer. **In a sense they too would be Minute Men, bringing the reality of today's life to the thousands whose vision is still obscured by the many-faceted, insidious, dangerous propaganda of the concealed and open appeasers.**

Won't you be one of these Minute Men? Please fill out the Minute Men Coupon on this page, today, and mail it to us at once. (Try, if you can, to send us one of your two new subs at the same time.) We are counting on you—on New Masses Minute Men to help us spread the truth through our country.

JOSEPH NORTH, for the editorial board.

Joseph North, Editor
NEW MASSES
461 Fourth Ave.,
New York, N. Y.

I want to be counted as an N. M. MINUTE MAN, and agree to **try hard** to get at least 2 new subscribers by March 31st.

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